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the ALTERNATIVE: **AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR**



Sir Walter: Biography of a Public Nuisance
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Seymour Martin Lipset: Racism Through the Years

Nelson W. Polsby: Opening Carter's Cabinet

Eugene H. Methvin: Hornswoggling the USDA

Ferdinand Mount: Nonchalanguage

Arnold Beichman: Has England Arrived?

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• July 15 to August 26, and millions of Americans charged into vacationland, but not Mr. Carmine Galante, owner of the L&T Cleaners of 245 Elizabeth Street, New York, New York. Mr. Galante is the father of four daughters, and—so the moralists sniff—the head of the most influential Mafia family in New York City. Apparently he is also a man who knows how to get things done, for on August 4 he ordered his 5,000 associates to find New York's .44-caliber killer, Son of Sam. Eleven days later the year-long hunt for the killer of six and maimer of seven ended when a pudgy 24-year-old postal worker surrendered to police. The arrest set off a chillingly vengeful clamor from thousands of New Yorkers, some of whom surrounded Brooklyn Central Court Building intoning "kill, kill." Yet, one day after Mr. David Berkowitz' arrest New York could again lay claim to being America's most enlightened metropolis. On August 11 the New York City Criminal Justice Agency, an agency dedicated to reason and compassion, recommended that Mr. Berkowitz be released without bail. According to the gifted Mr. Harold Raines, who interviewed Mr. Berkowitz the morning after his arrest, the confessed murderer should be released on his own recognizance because of his obvious "community ties," namely: his permanent address, steady job, and lack of a police record. It is saddening to report that at this writing the law and order zealots have captured Mayor Beame's ear, and it may be some time before the Criminal Justice Agency's humane recommendations are acted upon.

• In Moscow, *Literaturnaya Gazeta* published a critique of Mr. Elvis Presley, which showed again the wizardry of the Marxist medicine. "Today this 42-year-old man has lost his taste for life, wrecked by his own success," declared the Soviet weekly late in July. At 3:50 p.m. on August 16, Mr. Presley cooperated. Death also claimed the life of Mr. John Mislen, the Hardrock Kid, who for five terms reigned as "King of the Hoboes."

• In Hoboken, New Jersey, Mr. Lawrence Garaventi immeasurably enriched our knowledge of the larval stage of a virtuoso when he divulged to reporters the early musical calisthenics of his legendary nephew, Frank Sinatra. According to Mr. Garaventi, Mr. Sinatra's eventual fame could be perceived early in his life for, "He was always going into the bathroom to work on his vocal chords." In Detroit, midst seventeen thousand flowers, the unearthly fragrance of mounds of red kum kum powder, and the tinkle and vroom of an authentic Bengali band flown all the way from exotic California, Walter Reuther's daughter, the fair Elizabeth Luise Reuther, married Mr. Bruce Walter Dickmeyer according to the ancient rite of Hare Krishna. Best man for the fête was Alfred Ford, the great-grandson of Henry Ford. And what could be more redolent of the pervasive secularism of our age than that Mr. James Carhart of Mount Holly, New Jersey, the accused murderer who time and again has testified to being Jesus Christ, was acquitted by reason of insanity?

• Vacationing Americans are again making their annual procession into the unspoiled verdure of Mother Nature, thither to frolic and

to sneeze. In Great Smokey Mountains National Park, a University of Tennessee naturalist reports having seen a young couple so taken by the sylvan beauty of the neighborhood that they besmeared their child's face with honey and thrust the hysterical brat into the embrace of a roadside black bear, the better to photograph the bear licking their jewel's mug. The bear survived. In Tampa, Florida, the "World's First All Nude Kissing Booth" flopped. According to Mr. Gil Rodriguez, the booth's Armand Hammer, customers were reluctant to fork over one dollar to kiss a buck-naked model, for they feared the affair's assemblage of photographers might verily be members of the Tampa constabulary. Actually, there may also have been a problem with the booth's quality control, for in the words of paying customer Mr. Dario Monadniz: "She ain't got a bad physic and she kisses real good, but her face look like Rin Tin Tin." Mr. Monadniz spent one dollar for twenty-nine vicarious seconds of Hollywood. Mr. Sylvester Davidson, no address listed, is protesting Miss Anita Bryant's anti-pederast campaign by walking to Miami, Florida, wearing only ballet boots, yellow tights, and simulated butterfly wings. He will start his pilgrimage in Plains, Georgia, the birthplace of Mr. Billy Carter. And in Chicago it appears that the book burning mentality endures. Cook County State's Attorney Scott W. Peterson has confiscated a limited edition from Mr. William R. Hill, an accused murderer. Titled *The Technique of Taking Another Human Life Up Close and Doing It Well*, the book's anonymous author promises to elucidate fifty ways to dispatch an individual "with the deftness of a surgeon and the ferocity of a rabid animal."

• A Nazi war criminal escaped from an Italian military hospital in a suitcase. And a Greek prosecutor has filed indecency charges against a German woman and a Greek man whose bodies had been locked in a furious conjugal embrace in the middle of a thoroughfare before police pried them apart.

• Evidence that Field Marshal Idi Amin has recovered his spirits from Queen Elizabeth's shockingly inhospitable treatment of him last month was apparent when the Ugandan madcap personally broadcast a statement on Radio Uganda declaring that "friendly countries" were planning to fight alongside his army in "an impossible suicide mission." Other observers not so taken by those who would characterize Mr. Amin as an artless primitive, cited Uganda's sagging tourist trade and insisted that the remarkable Third World leader might actually be trying to attract tourists to the exciting ambience of his country. Evidence that he is trying to present a more responsible image came later in the month when Radio Uganda reported that Mr. Amin witnessed a team of physicians performing simultaneous tonsillectomies on five of his 33 children in spotless Mulago Hospital, a superb medical facility rising up from booming Kampala and featuring every modern convenience from electricity to screens. Further, it appears the Field Marshal is taking a personal interest in his country's budding efforts at higher education. On August 10, he had four Makerere University

professors shot when they objected to renaming that institution Dr. Idi Amin University.

• There is reason to believe that Mr. Donald Segretti is up to his old tricks. A mysterious pair of Asian sisters are suing two of the United Nations' most respected officials for six million dollars claiming they were made to work "under conditions constituting involuntary servitude." In Washington, D.C., a United States District Court has taken issue with the value Mr. Morton Halperin has placed on his privacy. Judge John Lewis Smith decided on August 6 that the former White House aide's privacy was worth five dollars—\$2,999,995 short of what Mr. Halperin was claiming in his wiretapping suit against Dr. Henry Kissinger, Mr. John Mitchell, and Mr. H.R. "Bob" Haldeman.

• Spain's King Juan Carlos grew a modest beard and almost immediately was the target of a botched assassination attempt. A 55-day strike by burial workers in Chicago ended, allowing the interment of approximately 2,000 stranded corpses. And in St. Paul, Minnesota, Mr. Dinker Fatterpaker, hoping to shed a name too difficult to pronounce, is asking the court for permission to change it to Deenker Flatterpaker. America's defense capability came into question when a military transport truck carrying a Minuteman II warhead crashed near Stanford, Montana, and nothing happened. Even the truck's driver survived! Miss Geraldine Hauenstein of Algona, Iowa, has filed a \$100,000 lawsuit against Mr. Leonard Tripp of nearby Galbraith who she says welded a chastity belt on her despite the fact that she "didn't know him very well." Mr. Tripp denies the charge, but the comely Miss Hauenstein claims that she had to wear the infernal contraption until Tripp cut it off with a torch.

• In Moscow, where dutiful Communists still brood over the ceaseless global advances of Rotary and the devious Chamber of Commerce, there is still glowing talk about the near perfect death of the rector of Moscow University, Mr. R.V. Khokhlov. According to the official Soviet press, Mr. Khokhlov climbed to the top of Russia's highest peak, Mt. Kommunism, and was simply overcome by the vibes. A daring helicopter plucked the illustrious rector from atop the 24,590-foot mountain and rushed him to one of Russia's most modern hospitals, a splendid structure rising up from booming Moscow and featuring every modern convenience from electricity to screens. Alas, the pious Marxist arrived kaput, a casualty of exposure and dialectical delerium. Yet America, too, has its heroes. When informed of a forest fire threatening Baxter State Park in Millinocket, Maine, Mr. John Ross drove all the way from his Worcester, Massachusetts, home to fight the blaze. As the young idealist put it: "Baxter State Park is important to me, for metaphysical and philosophical reasons." Finally, in Bangor, Maine, Mr. David E. Atherton did an estimated \$100 damage by chewing the front seat of a police cruiser into which he had been cast by a cruel and unreasoning society. Charges of criminal mischief are pending.

—RET

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Sir Walter: Biography of a Public Nuisance

December it was, 1964, when the most winning young man ever to inspect peas in Elmore, Minnesota, arrived in the United States Senate, not by election but by investiture. Lucky Walter "Fritz" Mondale had been Vice-President Hubert Humphrey's factotum since the late 1940s, and it is a venerable rule of America's political science that when politics does not reward the congenital malcontent it rewards the dutiful. Mondale's maiden Senate speech laid bare the problem of world hunger; that things have yet to improve is no reflection on him. His vehemence was awesome. After many shouts and an occasional leap into the air, the Senate's good ol' coves all agreed Senator Mondale was going to be a wow. Yet, notwithstanding his ardor and his many constructive suggestions, hunger persists; only the speeches and the government agencies have fattened. It is the kind of dispiriting news that makes it very hard to remain sanguine about the system.

Here was a prodigy—even for progressive and idealistic Minnesota. Neither the Green Giant Company nor greater Elmore will ever see his likes again, and bear in mind that Elmore is a hotbed of virulent Methodism. In his youth Mondale was positive, prompt, upright, ingratiating, and slippery. He has never changed, nor—if I read him correctly—does he think America has changed. Everything is just as Upton Sinclair discovered it in 1906.

For over a dozen years Mondale whirled along in the United States Senate, and as year chased year he grew in stature to become the Great Solemnizer. Nothing he touched was ever commonplace. For him it was always the Eroica in E flat major; and if from the orchestra there occasionally sounded the strangled gurgle of a Methodist moralizer, his audiences failed to object. Mondale is apparently a man of stupefying charm. All through his career he has had the peculiar trait of peering deep into the eyes of just about anyone as if to say, "I care about you, personally." Whether this is a studied mannerism or the manifestation of some optical defect remains unknown and generally unremarked, but it is powerful medicine. One of the sad consequences of Mondale's mastery over those with whom he converses is that journalistic accounts of him constitute a tedious procession of repetitious anecdotes amplifying his high moral character, his intelligence, and his Boy Scouts of America demeanor. Nothing informative or even plausible about the man beneath the halo ever extrudes from the press. Does he take a nip? Just two in an evening. Is he a closet philatelist? Probably not. Does he go in for crank calls, existential novels, or

Gregorian chant? It is unchronicled. The blandness of my colleagues' accounts leaves me with the suspicion that Mondale's stultifying goody-goodyism poses a greater threat to freedom of the press than Richard Milhous Nixon in all his hellishness.

After poring over the published accounts of the man's life, about all we know for sure is that over the years the Great Solemnizer has stood up against child abuse, consumer fraud, drug misuse, presidential perfidy, and the perils of automobile travel—this despite the enormous risks such controversial sentiments entail. Sedulously and intrepidly he has spoken out for civil rights, families, the powerless, quality education, decency, and meat inspection, even as powerful opposition rose up to ambush him. Not infrequently his life was in mortal danger. His aides would not let him go home alone. Rarely could he have his shirts laundered by anyone other than his loving wife, Joan. Nonetheless, he remained steadfast to post-industrial Puritanism: a working relationship with God for the extirpation of other people's sinfulness; personal salvation through good intentions, good public relations, and good government.

The child abusers fought back. Powerful Washington lobbyists were employed. The drug pushers organized, and reviled him in their brochures. The powerful stayed up nights plotting his downfall. Things became so treacherous that he could not even venture into the establishment of Emilio Pucci without hazarding a fusillade of icy stares. For weeks he was without a change of tie. All this he shrugged off, the price of a career in decency.

Life as a Sermon

From his puppyhood at the hearth of an itinerant Methodist preacher and Democratic Farm-Labor fanatic, through his college days, temporarily interrupted by a mission to Washington as first leader of the student arm of the Americans for Democratic Action, he has dedicated his life to what he himself calls "the politics of human need." Yet he is not to be put down as an ideologue or a dogmatist, for he has loudly disavowed both crutches. His mind is undarkened by the least vestige of prejudice. He lives by pure reason. With remarkable candor he declares himself to be a simple "problem-solver," a kind of public utility in human form. While clawing at the 1976 Democratic presidential nomination he went even so far as to describe himself as a "problem-oriented,

pragmatic liberal." Let the chips fall where they may.

Now, when Mondale insists he has never fallen into the clutches of demon ideology some will grow skeptical. They will cite his consistently high ADA rating, his slavish devotion to left-liberal fashion, and that historic day in the early seventies when the unctuous Senator from Minnesota found himself in the embarrassing position of having to vote against prayer in public schools while managing a floor fight for an *avant-garde* pornography report, which was itself so scabrous that it had sent every senator on the Hill into hiding. A memorable day's work, that; the problem-oriented, pragmatic liberal thwarts prayer, promotes porn, and never a drop of ideology touches his lips. Then, too, others will rebel at the pundits' insistence that he is so sweet, compassionate, decent, and, in the words of the *New Republic*, "a man of human feeling." After all, he did obviously relish his service as candidate Carter's hatchet man, tying the hapless Jerry to every calamity from Watergate to the great Florida land boom, and making loose with such invidious assertions as "Ford's biggest problem is that I just don't think he is bright enough to be a good President." Yet all this must be understood not according to some antediluvian moral standard but according to modern political standards, specifically our standards of political discourse.

One of the most treasured insights of the modern pol is: Ideas have no consequences, nor do words. The successful pol chooses words not for their denotation but for their connotation. In modern political discourse words have only taste and aroma. The Great Solemnizer knows that some words just plain taste good; moreover, other words sicken both the orator and the audience. It is always an indelicacy to use them, and to use them often is poison. Such words as "human rights," "social needs," "fair share," and "compassion" are tasty indeed. Confections like "the politics of human need," "problem-solver," and "problem-oriented, pragmatic liberal" are the words of a gourmet. What is more, such words have no calories, or consequences other than their aroma; and how that aroma must needs delight an audience. Release them but for a minute and the room is full of heavenly fragrances. Soon everyone within hearing range is rendered ineffably lovey-dovey, and around the speaker can be heard the fluttering of angels' wings. Mr. Mondale's audiences hear the angelic sough often, for

(continued on page 34)



Seymour Martin Lipset

5,000 Years of Racism

Racism has been a potent element in world history since ancient days, and ethnic tension and consciousness persist today as strong or stronger than ever.

England, says Andrew Young, deserves credit for having "invented racism" and "institutionalized it certainly more than anyone else in the history of the earth." Unfortunately, as occasionally with other matters, our UN Ambassador is in error. In truth, it is difficult to say who deserves the credit. The two-thousand-year-old man was probably right when he told contemporary youngsters that the anthem of his original caveman tribe was "Let them all go to hell, except for Cave 76." Ethnocentrism must be at least as old as *ethnos*. If we look at later periods, we find in the story told around every Seder table at Passover the basic elements of anti-Semitism: The Jews as a minority worked harder than the Egyptians, waxed wealthy, and were disliked. More important, however, they were "rootless cosmopolitans." The Pharaoh feared they could not be trusted in time of war since they had relatives across the border. (Stalin, some generations later, basically raised the same objections about his Jews.) The ancient Israelites, themselves, were no mean slouches at the job of hating and annihilating other groups. A perusal of the Bible tells the story of the destruction of assorted other peoples, who happened also to inhabit the land of Canaan.

Moving on, the historical record is sufficiently full of intolerance that A.N. Sherwin-White saw fit to deliver the Gray Memorial Lectures at Cambridge University in 1965-66 on the subject of "Racial Prejudice in Imperial Rome." The Romans, he notes, justified their conquests of alien peoples and subsequent annihilation of their cultures by using negative stereotypes; according to Caesar, for example, the Germans "were savages characterized by *arrogantia, iracundia, temeritas, crudelitas* and *perfidia*." Roman literature is also replete with anti-Greek references. In the Greek areas of the empire, "Greek disliked Jew, and Jew disliked Greek." Diodorus writes of the Jewish "lack of human feeling," "dislike of strangers," and "hostility towards the human race."

The awful story of medieval Christian anti-Semitism need not be detailed here, but a word is perhaps in order about the Arabs, who purport to have been much better than the Christians and to have allowed non-Moslem believers in God to live undisturbed lives. Their writings emphasize that "Jews and Muslims and every heterodox Christian were subject to constant persecution in Christian Europe." While there is little doubt that the Arabs dealt with non-Islamic minorities better than Christians treated Jews during the Middle Ages, the Arab record is far from good. The Arabist Gustav von Grunebaum details the situation of Jews and Christians in medieval Islam: "Their personal safety and their

personal property are guaranteed them at the price of permanent inequality." Bernard Lewis describes them as "second-class citizens," who paid much higher taxes than Moslems and who were on occasion subject to open persecution. The Umayyad caliph Umar II required Jews and Christians to wear distinctive dress. Philip Hitti notes: "The caliph al-Mutawakkil in 850 and 854 decreed that Christians and Jews should affix wooden images of devils to their houses [and] wear outer garments of honey color, i.e., yellow.... One other grave disability under which the dhimmi [Jews and Christians] labored was a ruling of the Moslem jurists of the period that the testimony of a Christian or a Jew could not be accepted against a Moslem." Arabic literature contains laudatory references to the Jews as a people of the book but, according to Yehoshafat Harkabi, the overall "image is a negative one, emphasizing their disloyalty, treachery and cunning."

In spite of various myths to the contrary, Bernard Lewis documents conclusively that Moslem Arabs long despised Negroes. As early as the eighth century, assorted poems and writings described blackness as inferior. Writing in the ninth century, Jahia of Basra said, "We know that the Negroes are the least intelligent and the least discerning of mankind." Although Arabs held both white and black slaves, the great majority were black and the word "abd," first used for slaves of all races, ceased, according to Lewis, "to be used of any slaves but black ones and eventually, in many Arabic dialects, simply came to mean a black man irrespective of whether he was a slave or not." Moslem writers often gave to black slavery a theological sanction common to Christian societies like the American South and South Africa: "that the ancestor of the dark-skinned peoples was Ham the son of Noah who... was damned black for his sin. The curse of blackness, and with it that of slavery, passed to all the black people who were his descendants."

In recent times, various groups of Moslems remain grossly intolerant. In 1915, the Turks set a modern precedent for genocide when they expelled from their home territory over a million and a half Christian Armenians, and killed over half of them. After World War I, Turkey deported hundreds of thousands of Christian Greek-speaking citizens to Greece in an effort to make the country more ethnically homogeneous. Many Arab states gaining their independence after World War II sought to get rid of their Jewish and Christian population. Over a half million Arabic-speaking Jews fled their homelands to settle in Israel or France during the 1950s. Egypt also successfully pressed Christians of Greek and Armenian background, long resident in the country, to emigrate.

Asia has not escaped the curse of bigotry. The massacres and expulsions of millions that Hindus and Moslems have inflicted on each other in India and Pakistan in this century follow a long history of internecine wars and slaughter. The Hindu caste

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system, while not racist in the full sense, probably represents the most complete effort to institutionalize blood or ancestral purity. Indian caste is not color bound but, as Taya Zinken points out, "Most upper-caste people are fairer than most lower-caste people of their region, and fairness is a quality much valued in a bride." And, as Pierre van den Berghe observes, "*Varna* (the broad division into four groups of castes: Brahman, Kshatriya, Vaisya and Sunda) literally means 'color'; Hinduism uses the same kind of color symbolism as the Judeo-Christian tradition, associating evil with black and good with white."

The supposed origins of that system are similar to those in other societies, with militarily or economically stronger races having imposed their own attributes, such as lighter skin color, as morally superior to those of the people they ruled or owned. As Vera Micheles Dean notes:

Originally the caste system appears to have developed at a time when waves of new immigrants or invaders poured into India. The indigenous people known from the earliest available records must have been small, squat, Negroid in appearance, flat-faced and bushy haired.... Then came the Dravidians (around 3250 B.C.), also dark of skin, but taller and better-formed, who made use of the primitive peoples they found in India in a servile capacity. The Aryans (around 1720 B.C.) who entered from central Asia and were light-skinned and blue-eyed became, in effect, the ruling race....

Not surprisingly, as Andre Beteille emphasizes, Indian stereotypes "dwell on the physical features of the different castes, the upper castes being always represented as fair and the lower castes as dark. Further, a reversal of the assumed correlation is viewed as not only unusual, but sinister. A Kannada proverb says, 'Trust not a dark Brahman or a fair Holey'; a North Indian proverb maintains, 'A dark Brahman, a fair Chura, a woman with a beard—these three are contrary to nature.'"

Since independence, India has formally outlawed "all forms of discrimination against any group of people" and has promoted "the adoption of positive measures to put an end to Untouchability." Nevertheless, as the Indian sociologist M.N. Srinivas documents in detail, "the power and activity of caste has increased in proportion as political power passed" from the British to the Indians. Political party conflicts, in large measure, reflect caste differences.

Moslems in the Indian subcontinent, though members of a religion which contains no theological reference to caste or jatis (lineage groups), follow a loose version of the Hindu caste system. As David Mendelbaum notes: "Muslims in all regions of India classify themselves into endogamous hereditary groups which are ranked in relation to each other.... Where Muslim untouchables exist, they are so treated by both Hindus and Muslims."

Southeast Asia, Milton Esman emphasizes, is "ethnically the most heterogeneous of the world's regions," but hardly the most tolerant. Intercommunal rivalries and bitterness have occasioned civil wars and efforts at secession in Burma, Indonesia, Malaysia and Singapore, and the Philippines. Struggles over the power of the central government, linguistic and regional autonomy, and religious differences continue to bedevil these societies.

Japan, though racially homogeneous, has an "invisible race," an untouchable pariah caste known as the Eta or Burakumin, who live in segregated ghettos, and whose occupational pursuits have been limited to lowly occupations, particularly those involved with dead animals, such as butchering and leather and fur processing. What is more, as Hiroshi Wagatsuma stresses, Japanese values emphasized "'white' skin as beautiful and deprecated 'black'

skin as ugly"—long before contact with Europeans. Privileged Japanese could be whiter than others by avoiding tanning themselves and staying out of the sun, while peasants and laborers, forced to work out of doors, were invariably darker. Japanese described their own skin color as "white," as distinct from the Southeast Asians, whom they saw as dark-skinned. And American and African blacks have been viewed with repulsion by the Japanese.

Racism, as well as assorted forms of tribal and ethnic domination, has characterized many black African cultures. Slavery, involving the seizure of members of one tribe or people by another for service or for export, inherently gave rise to, or sustained, strong feelings of ethnic superiority. So little did Africans think of other tribes that, according to Irving Markovitz, they sold more than 15 million people over a period of two millennia, first to Arab traders and later, of course, to Europeans. Slavery continued into the present century in African cultures like Ethiopia, Swahili society in East Africa, and various emirates in northern Nigeria. The descendants of slaves remain lower caste in some societies; in contemporary Senegal, their "social status and life opportunities remain low.... Caste is still of great significance."

Cultural differences produce racist reactions. "For example," according to George Kimble, "the Rer Manyo group of Somalis,

who live by fishing, are looked down upon by their stock-raising neighbors: the very words Rer Manyo are derogatory, signifying 'common occupation.' And there is little coming and going between the two, since overtures by the Rer Manyo are likely to be blocked by the taunt: 'Speak not to me with the mouth that eateth fish.' " Kimble also notes that in areas of Moslem strength, "many African people who refused to accept [the religion of their rulers] found themselves segregated, enslaved or worse. In the Sudan, the Mohammedans of the north continue to speak of the so-called pagans of the south

as an 'inferior race,' or 'abeed,' a term of contempt meaning slaves."

Anthropologists Aidan Southall and Ronald Cohen have summarized studies of opinion in East and Central Africa that indicate considerable consensus about ethnic rankings; Ganda people place high in Uganda, Kenya, and Tanzania. The Ganda themselves exhibit attitudes and behavior "conforming to the general idea of their superior feelings towards their Ugandan neighbors. The Ganda call members of all other neighboring African groups *bannamawaga*, which means "gentiles," as the Romans used *gentes*." In East Africa, certain groups have "special prestige...., especially the Ngoni, Ndebele, and Bemba, whose past military prowess still puts them high, while certain other peoples were put correspondingly low, at least in part because of their willingness to do work involving contact with human excreta."

The Kanuri of northern Nigeria rank various ethnic groups in three status categories, with themselves at the top. Cohen reports that the "degree of status consensus applied to ethnic status is quite high." The Kanuri look down, for example, on pagan Cameroon tribes such as the Banana and Gwozz peoples, whom they historically took as slaves. They "comment that such groups have no shame, no religion, indeed several informants went further and remarked that they were akin to animals."

Although most ethnic forms of status discrimination in Africa occur among people who are racially identical, some do not. George Kimble notes: "To many Africans, as to many Americans, differences of stature, carriage, facial features, texture of hair and



'looks' generally are as provocative of prejudice as differences of color."

Rwanda and Burundi, neighboring on Zaire, were and are classic racist societies. Pierre van den Berghe points out that "the Tutsi aristocracy (about 15 percent of the population) ruled over the Hutu majority and a small group of Twa. The three groups are physically distinguishable: the Twa are a Pygmoid group of shorter stature and somewhat lighter complexion than the Negroid Hutu; the Tutsi, although as dark as the Hutu, are by far the tallest group and have distinctly non-Negroid features....Physical characteristics, notably height, play a prominent role in the Tutsi claim to superiority and political domination." Anthropologist M.G. Smith describes the situation in northern Nigeria, where the Fulawi conquered the Hausa in the beginning of the nineteenth century: "In Zaria, also, social significance is given to color distinctions, value is placed on lightness of skin as an attribute of beauty, and as a racial character, and a host of qualitative terms reflect this interest such as *ja-jawur* (light copper skin), *baki* (dark), *baki kirim*, or *baki wal* (real black) and so forth. The Fulawi rulers of Zaria distinguish on racial grounds between themselves and their Hausa subjects, stressing such features as skin color, hair, and facial form, and also make similar distinctions among themselves, since past miscegenation has produced wide physical differences among them." Ronald Cohen reports that among the Nigerian Kanuri, who are Moslems, "Arab facial features, skin color, and general appearance are regarded as the most pleasing physical features."

Tribal-based antagonisms severely disrupt many African polities today, and have contributed to civil wars and coup d'états in nations like Nigeria, Zaire, Ethiopia, and the Sudan. African political scientist Ali Mazrui suggests that, although tribes and cultural differences long pre-date the independence of the various states, "tribalism may be an outcome of the nation state." The nation state may be a new source of political-ethnic conflict among the different tribes, an arena in which they compete for economic and political advantages.

In many states, minority tribes control the government and key economic positions, lording it over the majority of citizens who belong to other tribes. In Kenya, for example, according to James Duran: "There is a general feeling that the 'Kikuyu are taking over the country,' whether it be land in the former 'White Highlands' or whether it be business establishments in urban centers across the nation....the signs of serious ethnic conflict are ominous." Ali Mazrui notes that in neighboring Uganda, under President Milton Obote, "the Acholi constituted the largest single group within the armed forces," although they were clearly one of the smaller groups in the total population. After overthrowing Obote, Idi Amin purged the army of the Acholi and the Lergi, Obote's fellow tribesmen, and has since killed thousands of them. According to reports, he has also filled "virtually every key military, security, governmental and religious post with fellow Kakwa tribesmen and Moslems."

Though probably the most long-suffering victims of bigotry, Jews are certainly not exempt from the tendency to look down upon and discriminate against others, even of their own kind. The Sephardic Jews, exiled from Spain, long considered themselves the aristocrats of European Jewry, claiming to be superior in ancestry and culture to the Ashkenazi Jews of Central and Eastern Europe. For many European and American Sephardim, marriage with Ashkenazim was frowned on almost as strongly as marriage with Gentiles. In contemporary Israel, however, the tables have

been reversed: Sephardi immigrants, who are largely poor, unskilled, and uneducated refugees from Arab countries, are looked down upon by the generally much better educated and more well-to-do Ashkenazim of European background.

David Mandelbaum describes the even more fascinating divisions among the two settlements of Indian Jews. In Cochin, there were two jatis: the White Jews, largely descended from Sephardi, who first arrived with the Portuguese in the sixteenth century; and the Black Jews, seemingly more purely Indian and darker in skin color. "The White Jews would not intermarry or interdine with the Black Jews and would not even count a Black Jew as one of the *minyans*, the minimum number of ten required for congregational worship." Another group, the Bene Israel, have lived as an enclave of 14,000 people in the Marathi-speaking region. "Like the Cochin Jews, but independently of them, the Bene Israel were separated into two jatis, the higher being called the Gora, the fair ones, and the lower, the Kala, the dark ones. They too did not interdine or intermarry, though they did worship in the same synagogues. Those of the higher jati claimed purer Jewish ancestry; the lower, they alleged, was of mixed origins."

In the United States, the German Jewish community who had settled here in the nineteenth century felt far superior to the hordes of impoverished East European Jews who poured in before

World War II. German Jews formed high-status social clubs which refused entry to their East European co-religionists in much the same way that high-status Gentile clubs barred Jewish members.

The Americas generally—multi-ethnic, multi-racial, multi-religious, and with a history of slavery—have had no trouble combining diverse, liberal, Enlightenment ideologies with extreme forms of racism and ethnic and religious bigotry. All the American nations have mistreated the native Indians and the descendants of African slaves. Almost all the predominantly non-white Caribbean states

have placed great emphasis on color and racial background. Blacks and East Indians are bitter political and economic rivals; what is more tragic is the great value placed on light skin color by those who have some African ancestry.

The story of religious bigotry in the United States is as extensive as the long and bitter history of maltreatment of blacks and Native Americans. Immigrant groups of non-northern-European-Protestant background repeatedly faced economic and social discrimination and political intolerance from the dominant majority groups. From the early nineteenth century down through the Great Depression, nativist movements opposed to Catholics and Jews had considerable appeal, growing strongest during periods of social and economic strain. In the 1830s and 1840s, the Native American parties sought to limit Catholic immigration, seeing it as a threat to Protestant moral values and economic interests. They obtained large votes in various Eastern cities and elected mayors in New York City and Boston. The Whig Party eventually absorbed this nativist strain. In the 1850s, the much larger anti-Catholic Know-Nothing or American Party secured 25 percent of the vote for their presidential candidate, Millard Fillmore.

The Republican Party largely absorbed the Know-Nothings, and in the decades following the Civil War many Republican leaders openly engaged in a "religious version of the 'bloody shirt' political technique," charging that the largely Democratic Catholics had opposed the Union during the war. In many states, Republicans raised the issue of keeping public schools free from ecclesiastical influence, and advocated sharply extending the residence period for immigrants before admitting them to citizen-



ship and voting rights. President Ulysses S. Grant, who had a record of anti-Semitism, who had briefly belonged to the Know-Nothing Order before the Civil War, and whose two vice-presidents had been active Know-Nothings, openly proclaimed in 1875 the possibility of a new civil war based on religious differences: "If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's but between [Protestant] patriotism and intelligence on one side, and [Catholic] superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other...."

In the 1890s, the American Protective Association (APA), which claimed 2,500,000 members at its height, waged a vigorous anti-Catholic campaign throughout the country. Every member took an oath never to vote for a Catholic. The organization called for boycotts of Catholic merchants and discrimination in hiring against Catholic labor, in order to resist the efforts of the Pope and the Catholic Church to subvert American institutions.

In the West, nativism focused on the Chinese. The most noteworthy group was the Workingmen's Party of California, formed in 1877. It elected a majority of delegates to a state Constitutional Convention in 1878 which adopted a constitution containing a section that "forbids all corporations to employ any Chinese, debars them from suffrage, forbids their employment on any public works."

Political bigotry in the United States reached its zenith in the 1920s. Prejudice took its most dramatically organized shape in the anti-black, anti-Catholic, and anti-Semitic Ku Klux Klan, which counted between 3,000,000 and 6,000,000 members. Largely restricted to adult, native-born, Protestant males, KKK membership blanketed 25 to 30 percent of the white male population. It dominated "for a time the seven states of Oregon, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Indiana, Ohio, and California," and had considerable strength in other states in the South and Midwest.

Anti-immigrant nativism found supporters in high places during this period. Warren G. Harding, in a 1920 campaign speech advocating immigration restriction, spoke of the dangers to America inherent in "racial differences." Writing in *Good Housekeeping* in 1921, then Vice-President-elect Calvin Coolidge argued that "biological laws show us that Nordics deteriorate when mixed with other races." James J. Davis, who served as Secretary of Labor under Harding and Coolidge, went even further to announce that the older Nordic "immigrants to America were the beaver type that built up America, whereas the newer immigrants were rat-men trying to tear it down." As Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover declared in a speech that "immigrants now lived in the United States on sufferance...and would be tolerated only if they behaved." Given such a climate of opinion, it is not surprising that Congress enacted legislation in 1924 mandating national quotas which severely restricted immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe, centers of Catholic and Jewish population.

A curious footnote to the politics of the 1920s was the short-lived campaign to nominate Henry Ford for president in 1924. This was a period in which Ford's virulent anti-Semitic views were extremely well known. Yet in 1923, *Collier's* found that Ford led (with 34 percent) all other candidates in its National Presidential Preference Poll.

The 1930s, the decade of the Great Depression, also witnessed the growth of right-wing, anti-Semitic extremism. Charles Coughlin, a Catholic priest, led the largest of these movements, and ran William Lemke for president on the Union Party ticket in 1936. Although Lemke received only two percent of the vote, opinion polls in 1938 found about a quarter of those interviewed expressing favorable opinions of Coughlin, who at the time was regularly broadcasting extremely anti-Jewish speeches. Also during the 1930s, surveys dealing explicitly with anti-Semitism reported

close to 50 percent with strong anti-Jewish feelings. And the lack of public opinion against the confinement of Japanese-Americans in concentration camps during World War II indicated the strength of anti-Oriental feeling.

Fortunately, the post-World War II era has witnessed an erosion of bigotry. Various opinion surveys consistently show that negative and restrictive attitudes towards all minority groups, particularly Catholics, Jews, Orientals, and blacks, have steadily declined. Also, social and economic barriers against minority groups have broken down considerably, and the biased immigration-quota legislation has been repealed.

Efforts by anti-Catholic groups to mobilize opposition to John Kennedy's presidential campaign failed, and his candidacy and election did not revive anti-Catholic organization or agitation. Anti-Jewish sentiment also fell to the lowest point since polls began gathering data on such issues. And while judicial and legislative action to eliminate segregated schools and establish full civil and economic rights for blacks has at times provoked massive, vigorous, and violent resistance, poll data conclusively demonstrate that the great majority of the white population favors equal treatment; although a decisive majority opposes busing to achieve integration, and preferential treatment to advantage blacks in hiring or college admissions.

Yet it must be noted that bigotry still has a base in America, one large enough to provide substantial backing for political racism should social conditions deteriorate. Presidential candidate

George Wallace, clearly perceived as an anti-black racist, received 13 percent of the vote in 1968, and, perhaps more significantly, close to a quarter of the electorate has favored him in early pre-election polls over the years. In the mid-1970s, moreover, opinion surveys are still finding from a fifth to a third of those interviewed voicing negative sentiments about Jews. Racism and bigotry may be relatively quiescent, but they are far from dead in the United States.

Racism and ethnicity provide the most striking example of a general failure among experts to anticipate social developments. Until recently, both Marxist and

non-Marxist scholars agreed that ethnicity reflected the conditions of traditional society, in which people lived in small communities isolated from one another and in which mass communications and transportation were limited. Most scholars expected that industrialization, urbanization, and the spread of education would reduce ethnic consciousness, that universalism would replace particularism. Marxists were certain that socialism would mean the end of the ethnic tension and consciousness that existed in pre-socialist societies. Non-Marxist sociologists in Western countries assumed that industrialization and modernization would do the same. Assimilation of minorities into a larger integrated whole was viewed as the inevitable future. As Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan note, it was generally believed that "divisions of culture, religion, language," and race

would inevitably lose their weight and sharpness in modern and modernizing societies, that there would be increasing emphasis on achievement rather than ascription, that common systems of education and communication would level differences, that nationally uniform economic and political systems would have the same effect. Under these circumstances the "primordial" (or in any case antecedent) differences between groups would be expected to become of lesser significance. The "liberal expectancy" flows into the "radical expectancy"—that class circumstances would become the main line of division between people, erasing the earlier lines of tribe, language, religion, national origin, and that thereafter these *class* divisions would themselves, after revolution, disappear. Thus Karl Marx and his followers reacted with impatience to the heritage of the past, as they saw it, in the form of ethnic attachments.

As we all know, the opposite has occurred in both the Western and Communist worlds and in the less developed world as well. The Achilles heel of Communism has turned out to be nationalism and ethnicity, the consciousness not only of Poles and Czechs



vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, but of the various national groupings within the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia as well. Anthony Crosland, the recently deceased Foreign Minister of Britain's Labour government, was once asked what the major problems facing the United Kingdom in the next ten years would be. He replied that he did not know whether there would be any United Kingdom. He felt that there was only a 50-50 chance that Scotland would still be part of the United Kingdom a decade hence. Most of the other multi-lingual, bi-national, or bi-religious states that have persisted for many decades, if not centuries, have faced turmoil in recent years. Canada, Belgium, Malaysia, and Lebanon all face crises of national existence, pressed by minorities for autonomy if not independence. Pakistan and Cyprus have divided. Nigeria has suppressed a massive ethnic rebellion. In the classic case of Switzerland, tension has risen within multi-linguistic cantons. France faces difficulties with its Basques, Bretons, and Corsicans. In Spain, Basques and Catalans demand linguistic rights and greater autonomy.

Seeking to explain, after the fact, the disintegration of previously united societies, some social scientists now blame the processes which once were supposed to be leading to a decline in differences. As Milton Esman notes, "Contrary to previous expectations, urbanization, which has been regarded as a modernizing phenomenon in which traditional, particularistic, communal loyalties become irrelevant, is having the opposite effect." And Eugene Skolnikoff points out in a broader context, "Unexpectedly, rapid growth in the relations and dependencies across national borders has not reduced strife but rather has sharpened divisions and distinctions....increased openness and

interconnectedness has led to new areas of dispute, breakdown of concerns within nations...."

The sorry fact must be faced: The racism and ethnic tension that have been potent aspects of human experience from ancient days down to the present continue as strong or stronger than ever. People still resist and resent those who differ from themselves in race, culture, and religion. Many have sought to institutionalize privileges for members of their groups. In modern times, both rulers and the masses have turned to virulent expressions of bigotry in response to social tensions, to threats to those in power, and to insecurity stemming from economic or status anxiety. The most extreme racist effort, the Holocaust of European Jewry, occurred in modern times. Racism remains the policy of Communist states which, like Poland, make themselves *Juden rein* or, like the Soviet Union, restrict the rights of Jewish citizens. Racism still prevails in many African states where tribalism continues to determine who rules, and in others which, like Uganda, seek to eliminate East Indian minorities. The white-dominated societies of South Africa and Rhodesia continue vicious segregation policies against their majority black populations. In Asian states like India or Japan, which have outlawed discrimination against untouchable lower castes, one finds that practice largely ignores the law. Ethnic divisions have severely undermined or destroyed the unity of countries as diverse as Belgium, Canada, the United Kingdom, Cyprus, Pakistan, Malaysia, Lebanon, Nigeria, and Zaire. In the United States, racial and ethnic-based tensions remain a major source of instability. Clearly, the story of people's hatred of each other for reasons of ancestry, culture, religion, race, or language is far from over. © 1977 Seymour Martin Lipset. □

Irving Kristol

In Memory of Martin Diamond

On July 22, Martin Diamond, newly-appointed professor of political science at Georgetown University, died in Washington, D.C. He was 57 years old.

Martin Diamond was one of America's leading political philosophers, and a member of the editorial advisory board of The Alternative: An American Spectator. In tribute, we publish here the eulogy delivered at his funeral by his long-time friend, Irving Kristol.

I have the sense, as I stand here delivering a eulogy for Martin Diamond, that he is looking down on me with a tolerant but challenging smile which says: "Okay, you won the toss, now let's see you cope with the real thing."

You see, Martin and I had always assumed that, whichever of us went first—we are almost exactly the same age—the other might well be called upon to say or write something in memoriam. And about a year or so ago, we had a long and wonderfully funny

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dialogue in which we helped one another compose the other's obituary. We began by aggressively detailing our own virtues and accomplishments, to which the other promptly added qualifications and amendments having so much force and truth in them that, at the end, we had in effect composed highly critical reviews of each other's life and work, with only an occasional and grudging admission of merit. We laughed uproariously as we put each other down, searching for the perfect locution which did the job most subtly and effectively.

Now, however, it is the real thing—no more banter, no more exercise of wit at one another's expense, and no more of the deep love, for which friendship is so inadequate a term, that made such conversations possible. Only an acute and overwhelming sense of loss for a man who has been an integral part of my own life for over 35 years.

But even as I say this, I know that—since this is the real thing—my own sense of loss cannot be compared with the grief now experienced by his wife Ann—his wife and, it is fair to say, his intellectual collaborator—and his children, Kate and Ayton, and his stepdaughter, Diane.

Each man's death leaves a little void in the universe—but some voids are larger than others. There are some persons who simply enter more lives, and are a more active presence in those lives, by

reason of their personal qualities, or their intellectual qualities, or both. With Martin, it was both—both as a person and as a mind, he added so much to our lives—how much, we shall only now become acutely and painfully aware.

As a person, Martin had one of those rarest human talents: He was always interesting to be with, he was simply incapable of ever being boring. In part, this was the natural and infectious overflow of his high-spiritedness—his love of life, his immense curiosity about life, his keen and steady attention to life in all its oddities and paradoxes. It was not possible for him to read the morning newspaper without finding something of significant human interest or philosophic interest—on the news pages, the sports pages, or in the comic strips.

In large measure, as I have said, this was simply a natural disposition on his part. But it was also, to some degree, a cultivated disposition: He actually felt—what so few of us do feel—a human responsibility never to be tedious or boring. I suppose this may have derived from his original ambition, which was to be an actor, or, failing that, a film director. That histrionic impulse he converted into a kind of social energy and brought it to bear on his relations with people. He enjoyed the company of other people precisely because he brought so much to his relations with them—and, of course, they particularly enjoyed his company because they were always to some degree invigorated by his presence, made to feel more alive, discovering in themselves a quickness of spirit they never knew they had.

It was these personal traits which helped make Martin Diamond such a very great teacher—certainly one of the greatest of his generation. He was never satisfied merely to impart information, or even insights. He wanted his students to leave every single session “walking on air,” as he once put it to me, and he was distressed when he occasionally fell short of that incredibly ambitious goal. He—and we—paid a dear price for this extravagant commitment on his part. He did not write or publish as much as he should have, and he taught his students much that we, alas, shall now never have the opportunity to learn with them. On the other hand, no other teacher of his generation elevated and helped perfect the souls of his students—their souls, and not merely their minds—as he did. For the next half century or so, this nation will have in it men and women for whom the existence of Martin Diamond was an unbought grace of life, a blessing they had no right to and never anticipated, and for which they will be grateful until the day that they, too, die. Some of them perhaps will even perpetuate his genius for teaching in their own professional lives, just as Martin perpetuated the pedagogic genius of his teacher, Leo Strauss. If so, his influence will radiate and ripple through many generations to come.

But Martin was not simply a remarkable human being, with human qualities in so many ways superior to—of a different order from—those that the rest of us have. He was also a political philosopher, a thinker of the first order. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who had come to know Martin during these last years, issued a public statement on learning of his death, in which he said that Martin “almost single-handedly established the relevance of the thought and doings of the Founding Fathers for this generation.” This was no mere pious expression of friendship. It was truly meant. I well recall that, when the bicentennial issue of *The Public Interest* appeared in the autumn of 1975, containing Martin’s essay on the Declaration of Independence in relation to the Constitution, Pat Moynihan rang me up to say this was the most important article the magazine had ever published. I had no trouble agreeing with that judgment.

All of us here were moved by Martin Diamond toward an understanding of the Founding Fathers, and of the American idea of democracy as expounded by the Founders, that was not otherwise—and never would have been otherwise—available to us. Speaking for myself, I can say in all candor that Martin’s reflections on this matter were a decisive intellectual influence on my whole way of thinking about democracy in general and the American democracy in particular. And not only an intellectual

influence, but a moral influence as well. For Martin taught me—taught us, I dare to say—not only how to understand the American democracy, but how to appreciate it as well. No; that’s not strong enough. I should say: how to revere the institutions of our democratic republic, and the wisdom incarnate in them.

Such reverence, as we know, is not very common these days, and where it exists it tends to be a mindless affair, based on a sentiment which, however sincere, is also shallow and uninformed. True reverence goes far beyond sentimentality, just as true love goes far beyond romance. It involves an open-eyed perception of why the revered object is what it is, of how its virtues and its defects are so often necessary to one another, and why—given the inherent limitations of the human condition—we should humbly and gratefully accept it for what it is. There wasn’t an ounce of utopianism in Martin’s political philosophy; indeed, he considered utopianism to be the most insidious intellectual and moral poison of our age. And it was this very absence of utopianism which permitted him to understand the Founders as they understood themselves—an understanding which, almost from the beginning of American history, was clouded and distorted by political romanticism and political utopianism, and remains so clouded today.

Like all students of his teacher—his revered teacher—Leo Strauss, Martin had learned to keep a certain philosophic distance from modernity, to understand it *sub-specie aeternitatis*, as few modern thinkers could bring themselves to do. But Martin was not content with this philosophic achievement. He took seriously the idea that the philosopher was also a citizen with special responsibilities, and when it came to the American polity, he was very much a philosopher *engagé*. Nothing irritated him more than the bright student who, having learned from classical political thought how inherently problematic a democratic regime is, would then disdainfully contrast the American democracy with the Athenian *polis* or the Roman Republic. Shortly before his death he told me of his intention to write an article, directed toward his students and fellow political philosophers, explaining that, while the ideals of classical political philosophy may have been more elevated than the ideals of modern political theory, the political practice of the ancients was more barbarous, more brutal—and that this is something worthy of note, even by philosophers.

Martin believed, and argued in his writings, that there had been a steady deterioration of democratic political thought ever since the age of the Founders, that the American theory of democracy had gradually become vulgarized and debased by that spirit of populism which democracy itself engenders. His life’s work, as he saw it, was to restore democratic thought to its original complexity, its high-self-consciousness, its nobility even, because, as he saw the task of this American democracy, it was to encourage the common man to become somewhat more uncommon. One of the reasons he so looked forward to living and working in Washington was because he felt his life’s mission might be more effectively pursued there.

As we know, Martin died just when he was opening a new phase in his career. He had, on the very day of his death, moved to Washington where he was to be given the time and resources—by Georgetown University and the American Enterprise Institute—to edit his scattered writings into a comprehensive book, and where he also anticipated being more directly involved, and more directly influential, in the political life of this republic. This is not to be.

But, shocking and sudden as his death was, there were appropriate aspects to it which I know he would wish me to call attention to. To begin with, it was an instant and painless death, such as any wise man would choose. Moreover, he died in the bosom of his beloved republic—in a Senate hearing room. And he died after testifying brilliantly on behalf of a traditional American institution, the Electoral College, which he believed indispensable to the well-being of that republic.

So the circumstances were, in ways he would surely have appreciated, most appropriate. But—and may the Good Lord forgive me for saying it—the timing was wrong. □

Opening Carter's Cabinet

Jimmy Carter adheres to the Nixonian view of political legitimacy, which explains the odd neutrality of his cabinet towards traditional Democratic interest groups.

When a new president picks his cabinet, he gives observers the first solid clues about the kind of president he intends to be. Like the campaign rhetoric that preceded the election, a cabinet can be read in a variety of ways, and it affords only fragmentary evidence about how the president plans to run the government. But fragmentary though it is, this evidence is hard to ignore, for unlike campaign promises, cabinet members do not disappear into thin air. They take office and, to a greater or lesser extent, actually administer the affairs of the nation. President Eisenhower's appointment of "nine millionaires and a plumber" gave quite a good forecast of the sort of presidency the General wanted to have. When John Kennedy became President he struck a dominant theme of self-consciously moving beyond his own range of personal acquaintance to form a governing coalition. Likewise, appointing his brother as Attorney General telegraphed a strong desire to keep close control of the civil-rights issue.

It is possible to see in Richard Nixon's cabinet appointments a mirror of his emerging view of the role of the president vis-à-vis the rest of the government. After beginning with a politically diverse and reasonably visible group of cabinet appointees, Nixon increasingly moved toward the appointment of people with no independent public standing, no access to constituencies of their own. In this shift one can read a distinctive change in the fundamental political goals and strategies of the Nixon administration, from an early concern with building constituencies to a later preoccupation, once Mr. Nixon's re-election was assured, with centralizing power in the White House.

His first Secretary of Labor, George Schultz, though unknown to begin with, became an early star of the Nixon cabinet owing to his intelligence and quick grasp of problems. Nixon's first major reorganization shuffled Mr. Schultz into the White House. He was replaced at the Labor Department by James Hodgson, an efficient but unprepossessing figure, who in turn gave way to Peter Brennan, a maverick union official who was not even on speaking terms with the head of the AFL-CIO. This was not the only example of a movement away from clientele concerns and toward the accretion of power within the White House. Seemingly by design, the access to the President of large and significant interest groups was greatly hampered. Labor, education, the scientific community, conservationists, and others felt not merely that Richard Nixon was a president whose goals differed from their own, but also that their voices were being choked off, that they were being shut out from the White House, and that their case was being rejected before it was even heard.

If Mr. Nixon's administrative appointees were increasingly less

able to carry messages from interest groups to policy-makers, they were far better equipped to execute orders, to see that the policies of the various arms of the White House executive apparatus—the Domestic Council, the Office of Management and Budget, the National Security Council—were carried out.

Centralization of policy-making was only half of the latter-day Nixon administrative program. The other half consisted of systematic attempts to place functionaries who can only be described as political commissars in the bureaus and departments, agents whose job it was to report to the White House on the political fidelity of the executive branch.

Presidents and their political appointees have frequently puzzled over how to make the enormous apparatus of the executive branch responsive to their will. The legitimacy of this claim is frequently based upon the results of the last election; a president is presumably elected and makes appointments, at least in part, in order to carry out his promises regarding the conduct of public policy, and the instruments necessary to do that reside in the unelected agencies of the executive branch.

Executive agencies, however, are seldom merely passive receptacles awaiting the expression of a president's preferences. Rather, they embody a number of persistent characteristics that from time to time may cause conflict with presidential directives. Expertise, a body of doctrine about the right way to do things, may well thwart responsiveness to presidential demands. So may alliances between agency executives and the congressional committees having program and budgetary control over them. So may strong ties between agencies and the client groups whom they serve.

The case of a conservative president confronted with an executive agency doing what he believes to be liberal work is especially poignant. The very existence of an agency attests to the mobilization, at some time in the past, of a majority of sufficient strength to pass a law and put it to work. So long as the law is on the books, and Congress appropriates funds for it, the agency presumably has some sort of legitimate standing. Yet it was precisely the existence of all too many of these federal agencies, all staffed with people devoted to their programs, that Mr. Nixon wished to question. In one famous instance—the case of the Office of Economic Opportunity—he tried illegally to put an agency out of business altogether.

In each of Mr. Nixon's attempts to organize and reorganize the executive branch one can discern an effort to cope with a hostile administrative environment. Revenue sharing, of course, had the effect of removing responsibilities from federal agencies altogether. Nixon vastly strengthened the White House National Security Office and invented a domestic counterpart to it in the Domestic Council. He politicized and reincarnated the Bureau of the Budget as the Office of Management and Budget, and drastically increased the number of employees in the Executive Office of the President. Just as the storm of Watergate was breaking over his head, he proposed a reorganization plan that would have

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officially denied cabinet members direct access to the President by shifting supervisory power to four "supercabinet" officers who were supposed to act as special presidential assistants.

It would be wrong to suggest that these devices for limiting the power of government departments, agencies, and bureaus were in some sense illicit. For the most part they were not, yet they reflect a distinctive view of executive branch legitimacy, and its monopoly in the presidential office.

Sustenance for this view comes from a belief that legitimacy in the American political system arises chiefly, if not exclusively, from the electoral process. If the direct results of elections are the only source of political legitimacy, then it follows that the legitimacy of the entire executive branch rests, like a gigantic inverted pyramid, on the single member of that branch who is elected, the president. Given this view, there can be no grounds upon which hierarchical subordinates of the president might legitimately act to thwart, undermine, modify, or attenuate his will in public policy, once it is expressed.

To be sure, this is not the only view of political legitimacy in the executive branch. Another holds that while the electoral process does provide a very significant measure of legitimacy, this process by itself is neither adequate to the task of providing accountability, nor the only process actually provided for by constitutional design and consonant with the pattern of American politics that has evolved in harmony with the spirit of the Constitution. This is the check-and-balance view favored, for example, by the authors of *The Federalist*, and in which the rightful power to govern is spread about in the government, and even, in a more modern version, extended to interest groups and other organizers of popular desires, needs, and sentiments.

Yet, the president-centered view of the proper relations between the presidency and the bureaucracy has survived intact through Watergate and, indeed, through the fashionable disparagement of the "Imperial Presidency." This is reflected in President Carter's approach to the problem of building a cabinet and in what appears, consequently, to be his initial perspective on the permanent government.

In matters of foreign and defense policy, with the very important exception of Ambassador Andrew Young, Mr. Carter has chosen experts. Cyrus Vance, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Michael Blumenthal, and Harold Brown have all had a great deal of previous experience working for the government on problems handled by the departments they now head.

In two—arguably three—instances, Mr. Carter has picked cabinet members who can be considered ambassadors from interest-group constituencies. Bob Bergland supervises the constituency closest to Mr. Carter in his private life, agriculture. Cecil Andrus brings to the Interior Department strong ties with environmentalist groups. I am less certain that Ray Marshall of the Labor Department belongs to this category, rather than to that of the specialists.

Nine of the remaining ten appointments are best understood as generalists. An academic labor economist, Juanita Kreps, serves as the chief link between the business community and the administration. Three lawyers (Secretaries Adams, Harris, and Califano)—all Washington, D.C., careerists in one way or another who might well have been interchanged—head the main urban departments. There are, as many people have observed, three Georgians (Lance, Bell, and Young)—presumably presidential ambassadors par excellence—among the top 17 appointees, five holders of the Ph.D. in economics (Blumenthal, Schultze, Kreps, Marshall, and Schlesinger), along with one each in physics (Brown) and political

science (Brzezinski), and five lawyers (Adams, Bell, Califano, Harris, and Vance).

It is not their high level of education, however, that observers have fastened upon in noting the odd resemblance between this Democratic cabinet and the Republican cabinets that immediately preceded it. Rather, it is the curious neutrality of the Carter cabinet toward the vast stew of interest groups both within and outside the government that make up the traditional Democratic coalition. Of Carter's top 17 appointees, how many reach into the constituencies of the old, New Deal voting coalition? Where are the representatives of the Irish, the Polish, the Jews, the Italians? The cities? The labor unions? Where, indeed, are the long-time active members of the Democratic Party? Not wholly absent, to be sure. But hard to find.

In his second term Richard Nixon chose generalists for his cabinet because of his abiding hostility to the central purposes of the permanent government, as he saw them. Although he ran as an "outsider" to Washington politics, there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Carter shares Mr. Nixon's deep and clear-cut doctrinal disagreement with so many of the routine purposes of government. And so, rather than seeking the key to Mr. Carter's cabinet in programmatic antagonism, one must look elsewhere for clues.

An initial, and extremely interesting, examination of this problem has been made by Jack Knott and Aaron Wildavsky in a careful analysis of President Carter as a theorist of public administration. They observe, quite correctly, that President Carter has repeatedly expressed strong views about the proper procedures for making public policy. Very much in a tradition of political engineering that stretches back through Herbert Hoover to Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Carter has emphasized the importance of design in the making and the presentation of public policy, and has de-emphasized content. The goals President Carter has stressed are essentially administrative in character: simplification, reduction of duplication, uniformity, predictability, and the establishment of long-range goals. He is a believer in comprehensive reform, in finding once-and-for-all solutions to problems.

Thus, a theoretical commitment to general and far-reaching purposes and a desire to separate himself from the piecemeal accommodations of bureaucrats and the narrowly focused desires of interest groups surely explain in part Mr. Carter's predominantly generalist cabinet. But this poses a still more fundamental problem: How does President Carter find it possible to gratify this theoretical preference in the harsh arena of national politics?

The answer, I believe, can be found in the political conditions that made Jimmy Carter's nomination and election possible. Mr. Carter is the latest in a lengthening line of political leaders—of which Mr. Nixon was also an example—who have claimed that their electoral victories conferred on them a legitimacy direct from the people, unmediated by special-interest groups or by parochial considerations.

For a Democratic politician, the basis of this claim must derive in large measure from the transformation of the politics of presidential nomination that has occurred over the last decade. Finance through mass mailings and the public purse has replaced the mobilization of well-heeled backers and the seeking of alliances with interest groups. The stimulation of campaign coverage by the mass media and the building of a state-by-state personal organization have replaced the cultivation of party regulars and state and local leaders. Primary elections, not party wheelhorses, select the vast preponderance of convention delegates.



So the idea of a party as a coalition of interests bound together by the hope of electing a president is becoming an anachronism. Party is increasingly a label for masses of individual voters who pick among alternate candidates as they would among any products marketed by the mass media.

The mass media in America, though highly professional and in many respects non-ideological, are nevertheless far from random in their behavior. Thus, while interest groups that are mobilized in traditional ways (around the economic interests or communal ties of their members) have diminished in their political influence, the fortunes of other interest groups have been greatly enhanced because the managers of the mass media have reached a consensus to smile upon them. Prominent among these are, of course, groups embodying what the media recognize as disinterested rectitude, such as Common Cause and the Ralph Nader organizations, and groups speaking for those who are widely perceived to be disadvantaged, such as black, Hispanic-American, and militant women's organizations.

This is not the place to argue about the realities behind the palpable gains and losses which have befallen these groups in national politics. Black leaders—like labor leaders—surely mobilize large numbers of Democratic voters, and so might have fared as well under the old dispensation as the new; whereas militant women are far less successful in demonstrating that they deliver the votes even of most voting women. What is significant is that in a straight fight between the leaders of militant women's groups and black groups, and the leadership of the dominant faction of the labor movement, over who was to become Secretary of Labor, it was labor that lost. This, it seems to me, is as emblematic as anything could possibly be of the disestablishment of one sort of interest in the Democratic Party and the establishment of another.

The consequences of this change in the actual workings of government are difficult to fathom. Two, at least, are worth considering, because they suggest an increase in certain sorts of stress in the political system.

The forces that have revolutionized the presidential nominating process have been far slower in affecting the thousand-odd nominating processes that supply us with candidates for the House and the Senate. Congress is a greatly changed place from the way it was even a decade ago. The previously moribund Democratic caucus is now available as an instrument of majority will, when that will exists. But the mobilization of that will is by no means the unchallenged prerogative of the president. If anything, Congress today is better equipped than ever to find its own way into the

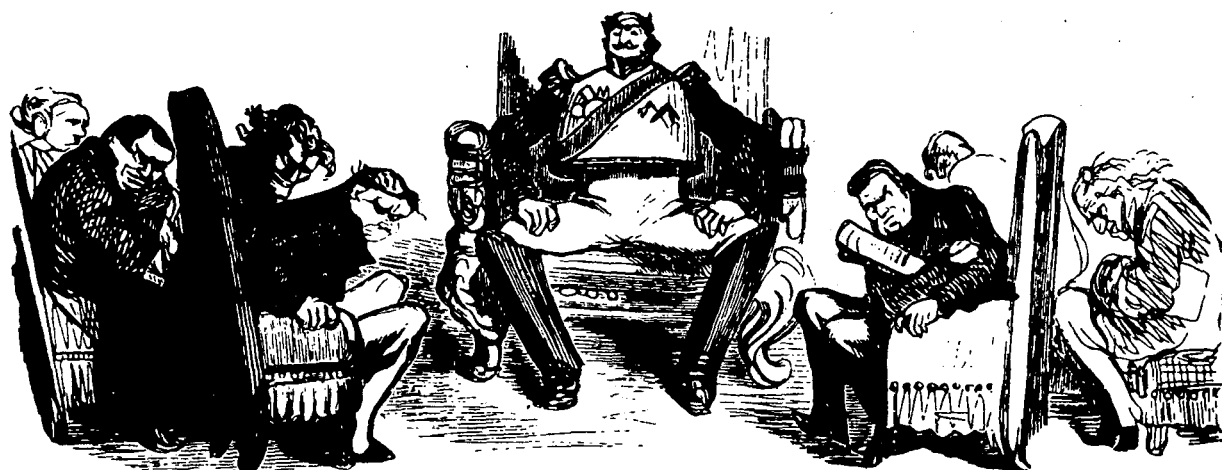
intricacies of policy and to arrive at its own balancing of forces and priorities.

So long as elections in America are of the staggered, pre-scheduled, non-referendum type, and so long as nominations to Congress are decentralized, it will be difficult if not impossible for presidents to persuade Congress by going over its head to the people. There is no substitute for the hard, frustrating, and frequently unavailing work of doing business directly with Congress. Because of the divergence that presently exists between the ways in which presidents and congressmen mobilize their electorates and arrive in office, we may be entering an era where tensions and misunderstandings between the president and Congress increase—even when both are controlled by what is labeled the same party.

Another possible consequence of the modern trend in cabinet building is a decrease in the reliance of political executives on the accumulated expertise of the permanent government. When the top of the government was dominated by client-oriented political executives, bureaucrats supplied technical information, policy analysis, know-how, and knowledge of programs. Some specialist cabinet officers are going to ignore the agencies they head altogether; others, specialist and generalist alike, will undertake policy evaluation and analysis in competition with their own agencies. Much of this activity, no doubt, will result in vastly improved understanding of policy alternatives at the top level of government. Moreover, it can create over the long term a corps of people outside the government who can contribute to the ongoing analysis and understanding of policy.

But as the comparative advantage of being inside a bureaucracy begins to diminish, the caliber of the agency begins to slip. As agencies begin to view their nominal superiors as competitors in supplying what they supply best, expertise, the incentives to firm up other sorts of alliances—with interest groups, with Congress—will increase. Over the long run, without strenuous effort and much good will on both sides, the cure may aggravate symptoms of the disease.

The programs and policies of the Carter administration are only now beginning to emerge from the welter of initiatives and trial balloons that typify the start-up of any new presidency. By examining Mr. Carter's cabinet, as a gypsy would the bottom of a teacup, we can detect an overall strategy of public administration animated by a presidential (centralized) rather than a check-and-balance (decentralized) theory of political legitimacy. President Carter is able to pursue this strategy, in spite of its similarity to Richard Nixon's, because of recent transformations in the presidential nominating process. ©1977 Nelson W. Polsby □



Eugene H. Methvin

Farming the USDA

*Social boondoggling and pork-barrel politicking
spin out of control in Washington, and nowhere
worse than in the U.S. Department of Agriculture.*

As President Carter struggles with Congress to curb runaway federal spending, now at the \$460 billion level, and to make good on his promise to balance the budget by 1981, he faces a stark reality: Attempts at economy are doomed so long as the practitioners of giveaway government remain entrenched on Capitol Hill. Only once in 30 years have our legislators balanced spending with tax revenue. In every other year they have made a mockery of fiscal integrity by dispensing billions of taxpayer dollars to the politically powerful.

This fiscal flood pipes through what Common Cause founder John Gardner dubbed Washington's "Golden Triangle," an unbeatable triple alliance of key Congressional committees, executive branch agencies, and their vested-interest constituent lobbies. This alliance of organized selfishness dominates Capitol Hill spending decisions regardless of which party wins the White House. And nowhere are these "gimme gangs" more brazen or entrenched than in the Congressional committees which fund the ever-growing U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA). In the last fiscal year alone, the alliance swelled the USDA's \$9.8 billion budget requests by nearly 40 percent.

Five years ago, an epochal shift in world agricultural markets ended the American farmers' heavy dependence on USDA crop controls and subsidies. The USDA was spending a million dollars a day just to store farm surpluses. The Kremlin's fear-inspired decision to supplement its own crippled, collectivized agriculture by buying American grain ended all that. Two million USDA storage bins have been emptied and auctioned off. Subsidy costs, once running nearly \$5 billion, dropped to \$500 million in 1975, and were only \$951 million last year.

But has the total USDA budget reflected these reductions? Just the opposite! This year the triple alliance swelled it to \$16.7 billion, more than double the 1970 level. A whole new class of beneficiaries, ranging from food-stamp recipients to non-farming landowners, has stampeded the USDA's welfare windows. Their benefits totaled \$9 billion last year, a 900 percent increase since 1969, with \$6 billion flowing into the scandal-ridden food-stamp program alone.

Each year lobbyists by the score parade before the Congressional grandees who control the USDA budget. Take the 2,300-firm American Association of Nurserymen. Having sold Congress on creating a special research laboratory for their products, they now want more funding for tax-paid engineers and marketing research. The National Dry Bean Research Institute and Western Bean Dealers Association ask for \$750,000 for "research to improve [the] digestibility, productive capacity and quality" of their product. The Pickle Packers International, Inc., demands a bigger

staff in the Madison, Wisc., USDA laboratory to work on onions, carrots, and cucumbers. And so it goes—until USDA spending bloats out of all relation to the needs of our farmers.

The farmers themselves have prospered. Net farm income doubled to \$33.4 billion in 1973 and has stayed high at around \$25 billion since, and land values have soared. The farmers have earned it. They have single-handedly saved America from a deep depression induced by the Middle East oil cartel. Since 1973 their \$22 billion yearly exports have restored the dollar's strength abroad and have helped pay our soaring oil import bill, a huge \$37 billion last year. Where, then, does all the USDA largess land? Consider these four telling tales of organized selfishness and giveaway government.

NRECA Two-Percenter

In 1936 Congress created a ten-year program to help rural people start electric cooperatives. The new co-ops formed a lobby group, the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association (NRECA), that has become one of Washington's most potent gimme gangs.

In 1944 NRECA persuaded Congress to set the interest rate on USDA co-op construction loans at two percent. Today the Treasury must pay nearly nine percent on its long-term borrowing. But though the co-ops have long since completed the job of rural electrification and today represent some of the most prosperous businesses around, NRECA still demands that the taxpayers supply two-percent loans.

In 1973 Congress revised the law but fumbled an attempt to limit the number of co-ops eligible for two-percent subsidies. Healthy co-ops were allowed to borrow up to 70 percent of their expansion capital from the USDA at five percent, still far below the Treasury's cost, and for the rest, they could sell their own bonds commercially. Financially struggling co-ops—those whose revenue per mile of line was below a certain figure—could continue getting two-percent money.

In 1973 only 14 co-ops qualified for two-percent subsidies. But others—including some of the nation's wealthiest—soon exploited loopholes in the new law and, despite two Congressional stabs at closing the loopholes last year, today 166 co-ops are receiving loans at two percent. Many have low revenues simply because they escaped fuel-inflation costs by virtue of their preferential right to buy cheap electricity from federal hydroelectric dams. And other equally healthy co-ops simply choose to keep their rates low, borrowing their expansion capital at two percent and selling electricity at a third the rates paid by urban consumers unbenefited by federal subsidies.

NRECA's 170 Washington employees—including ten registered lobbyists—fill an eight-story building. They raise a massive political war chest from co-op directors, managers, employees, and attorneys assessed \$25 a clip. That money—more than \$200,000 in 1974—funnels into more than 100 Congressional races,

Eugene H. Methvin sojourns in Washington as senior editor of Reader's Digest, but he frequently returns to real life among the peanut and cotton farmers in his native Dooly County, Georgia, where he made his first dollar as a writer by winning first prize in a USDA-sponsored soil conservation essay contest.

including many districts without co-ops, to reward friends and punish foes. Now the NRECA is thumping for "a revolutionary advance in mass communications"—Congressional funding of rural cable television lines.

USDA financial experts say that only about 80 of the 1005 co-ops really need continued federal help. Yet this year the USDA is forced by law to lend about \$200 million to co-ops at two percent and another \$650 million at five percent. The cost to the taxpayers for the subsidized interest was \$442 million last year, and every new loan fixes a higher subsidy cost on us for the next 35 years (at today's interest rates, taxpayers must put up \$1.8 million for every \$1 million lent to the co-ops). The electric co-op subsidies are a classic example of a program that met a need and is needed no longer, but President Carter's budget balancers haven't got a snowball's chance of eliminating it.

The "Cost-Sharing" Disneyland

The potentates of the six House and Senate committees overseeing the USDA (Agriculture, Public Works, and Appropriations) long ago discovered the political joys of "cost-sharing." By setting forth all sorts of glittering goals in loosely drawn laws, they mandate more than \$600 million yearly in handouts to private citizens or local public groups for a Disneyland array of schemes. And almost nothing is required. If the beneficiaries "conserve or develop natural resources" in some way, Washington will contribute "cost-shares," advertises one USDA come-and-get-it brochure.

Thus, in the name of "agricultural conservation," the USDA dabbles out \$305 million a year to some 421,000 individual and corporate landowners. Their average "cost-share" is \$523, and it costs the USDA an average of \$68.69 each just to hand out the money. But no cost is too small; consider the delights this program brings to the constituents of Jamie L. Whitten (D., Miss.), Chairman of the House Agriculture Appropriations Subcommittee. In Whitten's district, C.C. Potts owns 1,000 acres of the Delta's rich farmland. Admittedly, Potts is not a typical farmer, since he also owns a very successful bank. Some time back, he went to the USDA's Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service (ASCS) office at his county seat. A \$7,000-a-year clerk went over 64 "conservation practices" approved for "cost-sharing." Potts chose G-1, "wildlife food plots and habitats." The clerk typed and Potts signed Form 245, "Request for Cost-Sharing." (In triplicate, of course.) Thus, Potts promised to follow a worthy conservation practice—with the U.S. taxpayer picking up half the tab. The county ASCS committee, three fellow farmers elected by their peers, duly approved. The ASCS thereupon made out a check to banker Potts for the grand sum of \$4.50, one-half the price of a few pounds of millet seed. Potts planted this delectable crop, and the next autumn when the doves flocked to his feast, he invited neighbors, fellow bankers, and the county USDA supervisors and committeemen to a "dove shoot." Every man who could lift a shotgun had little trouble bagging his limit. In far-off Washington the USDA's computers duly registered another victory for conservation.

In the name of "resource conservation and development," Congressional committees and USDA bureaucrats have taxpayers "cost-sharing" with quarry operators, prefabricated log cabin manufacturers, a buckskin tannery, and garment factories. We pay for training Cherokee Indian bulldozer operators in North Carolina, building a road to "Swamp Fox" Marion's grave in South Carolina, turning a farmer's soggy pasture into a shopping center in California, building rabbit fencing around Washington State wheatfields, and constructing outdoor ovens for cooking Mexican food products in Arizona.

The political pressures for ever-increasing appropriations for such "cost-sharing" are immense. "Free federal money has overwhelming appeal," former Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz used to tell farm groups; "The only trouble is, it ain't free." Indeed, every time the USDA announces a new grant for some "cost-sharing" project, Congressmen rush to wire the news to local mayors, county commissioners, newspapers, and broadcasters. Never do they mention the bite their deficit spending takes from their bemused constituents' paychecks and savings by lessening the dollar's value. Their Sugar Plum Fairy poses attract applause from a gaggle of Capitol Hill special-interest groups which wield political power far out of proportion to their numbers or economic importance. Among these organized pleaders, four are worth examining in detail.

The USDA's Soil Conservation Service (SCS) has spawned 3,000 "conservation districts" throughout the nation with 13,500 local directors who lobby for new pie-in-the-sky benefits. Their "National Association of Conservation Districts" was founded and is still headed by a one-time SCS chief publicist. They thump the drum yearly for "more starts" under the SCS's "watershed programs"—channelling and damming small streams and draining marshlands. So far the SCS has won Congressional approval for "improvement programs" in 1,100 of the nation's 8,900 watersheds—with applications pending in 2,900 more.

The 13,000 ASCS county office employees and the 90,000 farmer-elected committeemen each have national associations (NASCOE and NAFEC) that produce a powerful racket in every Congressman's mailbag at the slightest threat to "our programs." Worried because their offices have little to do now that farm subsidies have dwindled, they are asking Congress to let them take over non-USDA federal programs in rural areas.

The 1,800-member Land Improvement Contractors of America annually thumps for fatter appropriations to build farm ponds, drainage ditches, dams, dikes, and terraces. Their own lobbyist boasted to

Chairman Whitten's committee that his earth-movers are "experts in advising the farmer how to apply for cost-share grants."

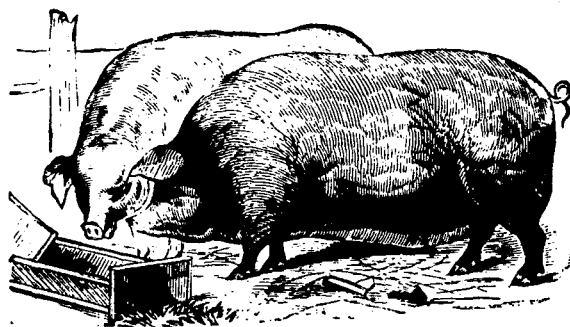
The National Limestone Institute, founded and headed by a former ASCS county office director, Robert Koch, represents the suppliers of millions of dollars' worth of limestone annually "cost-shared" by the taxpayers. With a computerized mailing list of all 103,000 ASCS committeemen and county directors, Koch bombards Capitol Hill with blizzards of mail at the slightest threat to such appropriations.

Every President since Harry Truman has tried to cut the "cost-share" boondoggling of the "Agricultural Conservation Program." Nineteen times Chairman Whitten has put that program back in the budget, always bigger than before. In March 1975, in his USDA appropriation hearing, Whitten declaimed to Secretary Butz: "I get red-headed when I think of our government destroying the Agricultural Conservation Program!"

Peanut Politicians

In 1941 a slick Georgia legislator slipped through Congress the most iron-clad crop subsidy law ever. (He then retired and went to work at a fat salary for a growers' and sellers' association.) Still on the books, the law forces the USDA to allot a minimum 1,610,000 acres among those lucky enough to have been growing peanuts 35 years ago, and then to buy their product at a perpetually escalating price. Per-acre yields, 776 pounds in 1941, exploded to 2,465 last year, burying the USDA in 600,000 tons of surplus peanuts (a full third of the total crop) which must be dumped abroad at a taxpayer loss of about \$210 million.

Three states—Georgia, Texas, and Oklahoma—get more than



two-thirds of the allotted acreage; Georgia alone grows half the nation's peanuts. In 1975 the USDA support prices brought an estimated \$18.3 million to 3,400 growers, shellers, and allotment owners in House Speaker Carl Albert's district; and \$5.4 million to 1,000 in the district of Texas' Rep. W.R. "Bob" Poague, senior Democrat on the House Agriculture Committee. An estimated 25,000 constituents of Senate Agriculture Committee Chairman Herman Talmadge got some \$360 million. Little wonder that these three Capitol Hill potentates have protected "our peanut program" like Lee defending Richmond.

Younger, efficient farmers not so fortunate as to inherit big peanut allotments must pay their luckier neighbors just for the right to plant peanuts. One prosperous merchant, who had inherited a 27-acre allotment from his grandfather, leased it in 1975 for \$5,000. A retired farmer who hasn't planted in years raked in a cool \$100,000 for his 500-acre allotment—all paid ultimately by the taxpayer. Such people "farm the program instead of the land," as the real dirt farmers put it. One told me: "It's not right to give somebody a monopoly he can sell at taxpayers' expense for \$100,000 a year just because his daddy or granddaddy grew peanuts 35 years ago." Indeed, some old peanut farms now grow pine trees, and such Wall Street corporations as Weyerhaeuser, Burlington Industries, and Great Northern Paper Company lease their allotments to peanut growers.

But there are also peanut pirates. In 1975 USDA investigators uncovered a major scandal of "hidden fields" and "bootleg peanuts" in Sen. Talmadge's home county. An estimated 50 Telfair County landowners planted 1,200 acres of illegal peanuts; most did not even have any of the county's 3,000 allotments. They apparently bootlegged their harvest into the USDA bins or to other buyers at the \$414-a-ton support price for close to a million dollars. Indeed, some of the bootleggers owned a marketing company that could sell their peanuts directly to the USDA. Some of the pirate fields were deep in a river swamp. Barred by landowners, USDA inspectors had to hire airplanes to fly over and find them. One peanut pirate, caught red-handed, told investigators: "I'm going back to bootleg likker—that's the business I know best."

What would happen if this USDA-policed monopoly were ended? "Growers of the other major crops—cotton, wheat and feed grains—have already successfully made the transition to free markets," a top USDA official told me. "Efficient farmers would prosper growing all the peanuts Americans need at lower cost on much less acreage plus more to export. And the taxpayers would quit enriching landed scions lucky enough to have ancestors growing peanuts in 1941."

Instead, Congress is extending the program—for five years under the Senate-passed version, which was designed by Chairman Talmadge in consultation with peanut grower groups from Georgia, Texas, Oklahoma, North Carolina, and Virginia. His program continues to allot 1.6 million acres to peanuts, but scales down the USDA subsidy, which was soaring to scandalous levels no longer defensible in an increasingly urban Congress. Instead of costing \$835 million by 1981, the Talmadge program will cost only an estimated \$243 million, about the present level. The payment formula is just complex enough to confound nosy journalists, urban Congressmen, and taxpayers—an ancient shell-game formula for success among Capitol Hill special pleaders. The USDA will pay growers the full support price only for the pro-rata share of their allotted acreages required to supply the nation's million tons of domestically consumed peanuts; if the grower chooses to plant his full allotted acreage, he gets the export price, which is about half the domestic subsidy price.

But the Talmadge bill maintains the inherited lessors in their allotted monopolies; this year in Georgia many sold theirs per acre

at the USDA support price payable on a ton of peanuts, \$440, to the real peanut growers—who hope to average as much as two tons per acre and recover their costs with a little profit left over.

How did our peanut-growing, budget-balancing President come down on this vast reform? "The President told me he was going to let me handle it," Chairman Talmadge told newsmen. "I told him I preferred to let him handle it." Indeed, President Carter let it be known that he did not even want to know what was in the bill until it reached his desk for signature. (Let conspiracy buffs contemplate the ominous fact that President Carter was appointed to the Naval Academy by none other than the same Georgia Congressman who wrote the original peanut subsidy law!)

The Free Lunch Bunch

Of all the Washington lobbies battling for a greater share of the federal budget, none is more interesting than the "free lunch bunch." Until 1970, the USDA provided a modest \$600 million to help state school lunch programs, half of it in donated surplus foods. Then the boondogglers took over, bloating the subsidy to \$3 billion for next year, with little relation to actual need.

Leading the legislative charge are Carl Perkins' (D., Ky.) House Education and Labor Committee and Senator George McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs. Both are heavily stacked with advocates of what Washington columnist Meg Greenfield dubs "the social pork barrel." Much of the political

muscle behind the program comes from the 60,000-member American School Food Service Association (ASFS), made up of the managers of school lunch programs, and the Foodservice Equipment Distributors Association, whose members sell to the managers the lunchroom equipment financed by a \$28 million yearly Congressional appropriation.

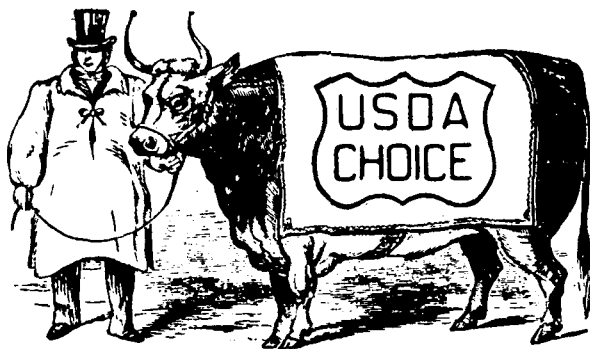
The lunchroom managers have grown increasingly desperate, watching jobs and promotions shrink as school enrollments drop with declining birth rates. Their solution: lobby Congress for Sen-

ator Hubert Humphrey's \$5.5 billion proposal to buy a free lunch for every school child every day regardless of need.

The free lunch bunch has made giant strides. In 1975, 26 million children ate federally subsidized lunches every day, yet only one-quarter of them came from needy families. The subsidy to non-needy children cost taxpayers \$1 billion. Former President Ford proposed to save \$4 billion over the next five years and concentrate help on the truly needy. He recommended block grants to the states to pay all costs for feeding youngsters from families whose income is below the official poverty level. The program could have been administered by "six check-writers with a postage meter," as one USDA official put it, and could have replaced the present costly bureaucracy fumbling with complex legislative and administrative formulas, telling local lunchrooms what to serve, and filing forms by the thousands.

The lunchroom lobby loosed a blizzard of press releases: "At least 40 percent of our 60,000 members will be out of work; 120,000 of the nation's 350,000 school food-service employees would lose their jobs." Members were trooped to Washington for week-long encampments, while they wined and dined legislators, descended on those whose votes were doubtful, packed crucial hearings and cheered their champions. Lunchroom managers in every state and community were urged: "Be sure your local food and equipment venders are aware your business will be diminished. Have them write Congress too! Contact your news media, civic and labor leaders, PTA groups, school administrators—every person you can reach who believes in the well-being of children. Together we will not allow this to happen."

It didn't. Not only did Congress reject President Ford's plan, but



last September it again raised the subsidies to non-needy children. Arguing that taxpayers should not have to shell out \$1.3 billion to feed non-needy youngsters, President Ford vetoed the bill. Of the 535 Senate and House members, a grand total of 31 voted to sustain him.

Rep. Robert H. Michel (R., Ill.) argued in vain: "If there are starving children in this country, then for heaven's sake, let's feed them. But let's not at the same time destroy the very core of family responsibility by feeding at government expense millions of children whose parents can and ought to feed them themselves. We keep pulling more Americans under the welfare umbrella, and every time we do, we sap more energy from the economy and more personal responsibility from individual citizens."

The kind of political log-rolling and social pork-barreling that

has transmogrified the USDA extends across the federal government and shows signs of becoming a major national issue. "We farmers have only a small part of the USDA nowadays; it's a welfare department now," one Georgia state ASCS committeeman told me sadly.

What are the prospects for change?

They are nearly nil—in the USDA or elsewhere in our giveaway government. Not until the voters get angry enough over deficit spending and perpetual inflation to convince President Carter that he must make good on his promise to balance the budget, and that to do so he must storm the Capitol Hill redoubts of the backdoor spenders, social boondogglers, and pork barrelers. That is what the 1978 Congressional elections and the 1980 Presidential and Congressional races will be all about. □

Ferdinand Mount

Nonchalance

The modern politician's flippant use of words and indifference to logic threaten to reduce political discourse to the harsh language of power.

Political debate is peculiarly vulnerable to good jokes. For one thing, good jokes are rare. Political activity is so incessant and the politician is called on to assume solemn attitudes towards so many things that he cannot often muster either the wit or the detachment to make a first-class wisecrack. At the same time, the tedium of politics is often so mind-numbing and the flow of words so relentless that the audience's resistance is low. If the joke really is any good, the audience—I mean the professional audience of politicians, journalists, academics, and administrators—breaks up, falls about, rolls in the aisles, and raises the roof.

The political joke thus acquires the explosive force of a landmine. With one massive whoomph it destroys the most carefully planned attack and renders the road unusable. It is characteristically the weapon of the side which already holds the ground, in politics therefore of the governing side. The opposition may let off the most brilliant fusillade of wisecracks, but when the smoke has cleared the government is still left in occupation of power. One joke by a president or prime minister, however, can totally demolish an opposition attack and, more significant still, render that particular line of attack relatively ineffective for a useful period.

It is essential, then, for a political leader to master that special type of nonchalance which is his indispensable last line of defense. Mr. James Callaghan, the British Prime Minister, has it down to a T—or rather to a Mrs. T. At the height of the argument about direct elections to the European Parliament, Margaret Thatcher, the leader of the opposition, asked the Prime Minister whether he stood by his clearly given dictum that collective Cabinet responsibility "includes all Ministers who must be prepared to defend Government policy at all times." Mr. Callaghan replied: "Yes, Sir. I certainly think that the doctrine should apply, except in cases where I announce that it does not."

Collapse of opposition party. Helpless mirth. House corpses.

Mr. Callaghan's reply includes several elements which comple-

ment one another to produce the desired effect: effrontery, indifference to principle, and assertion of power. There is implicit in this kind of joke an assumption of largeness, of rising above and beyond trivial questions of doctrine and policy. The remark may seem to contain an element of self-contradiction. After all, a doctrine which applies to all Ministers at all times cannot apply only some of the time. The doctrine that Mr. Callaghan really intends to apply is that of his own overarching supremacy, his right to transcend these petty political guidelines. Jimmy Carter shows the same bland indifference to the possibility of self-contradiction and logical incoherence. There may exist some way for the President simultaneously to balance the budget, cut taxes, and increase public expenditure on welfare. It may also be possible at the same time to cancel new bombers and to improve the defenses of the U.S. But throughout these controversies Mr. Carter has never really bothered to argue out such apparent contradictions. Sometimes he has said one thing and done another; sometimes he has said two things and done neither; sometimes he has done what he said he would. It is all a matter of indifference. Mr. Carter does not deal in the old terms of promises and performance, of planks and platforms. Carterism is "now politics." The right thing to say is what makes you feel good; the right thing to do may be quite something else. This is the politics of the encounter group. Mr. Carter's style is, of course, pictistic rather than wisecracking. His is a preacher's smile, not a barman's. But his message is essentially the same as Mr. Callaghan's and Walt Whitman's: "Do I contradict myself? Very well then I contradict myself, I am large, I contain multitudes." Language, logic, who needs them? The law of the excluded middle does not operate south of the Mason-Dixon line.

To Mr. Carter, as to Mr. Callaghan, the exact content of a speech is of minor importance, still less the question of whether the speech is consistent with last week's speech. What matters is that the effect of his words should enhance his authority. Naturally, this is an aspect which all politicians have to consider, but it is not or ought not to be the *only* aspect. There is, to be sure, an inescapably theatrical side of political life which has to be mastered. The audience is large and scattered and you have to

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project your voice. Yet the audience has also to be respected; it has a right to a basic minimum of seriousness and consistency if the dialogue is not to become mere mummery. To consider only the immediate theatrical impact is in the long run to rob the play of substance. Even theatrical gestures ought to correspond in some measure to the actor's concrete intentions. Mr. Carter's public gestures, by contrast, often seem entirely detached from his brain-processes, as though operated by some independent automatic pilot.

Consider the President's face as he stood listening to the new Israeli Prime Minister on the latter's arrival in Washington. At the outset, an expression of affable Southern welcome—hi y'all. This was wiped off his face and replaced by presidential granite the moment Mr. Begin mentioned the words "Middle East." This Mount Rushmore profile was held until Mr. Begin, moving into more philosophical waters, used the trigger-word "spiritual." In a tenth of a nano-second, with the *éclat* of a pinball hitting the big one, Mr. Carter's face lit up into the legendary smile.

Spirituality was his specialty. Peter Cook, the British satirist, believes that President Carter is a Martian agent. There is undoubtedly something mysteriously robotic about Mr. Carter's mien which I think derives essentially not from texture of skin or muscle, but from his total lack of interest in language as a vehicle of argument. Carter does not argue. He does not adduce or induce, prove or refute. He soothes, he flatters, he smiles, he preaches.

The Prime Minister's more brutal technique of putting himself across was again well shown when Mrs. Thatcher asked him to repudiate the views expressed in the *Morning Star* by his fellow Labour MP, Mr. Sydney Bidwell (a recent chairman of the left-wing Tribune group), views which Mr. Bidwell said were virtually identical with those of the Communist Party except that Mr. Bidwell would not rule out civil war to achieve his aims. The Prime Minister replied that he had always regarded Mr. Bidwell "as a philosophical revolutionary rather than one who really understands how a machine gun works." Was Mr. Callaghan then, Mrs. Thatcher persisted, "content to rely on the support of such fellow travellers to keep him in power?" Mr. Callaghan replied: "I could, of course, give the Right Honorable lady my views on these matters, but unfortunately I do not seem able to endow her with a sense of humour."

Howls of mirth. Sides held. Thighs slapped. Here, I should quote from the letter of protest written to the *Guardian* by Mr. Douglas Eden, of the Social Democratic Alliance, on the reactions of the press to Mrs. Thatcher's questioning:

Michael White (the *Guardian* July 6) found her argument "melodramatic" and overruled by her "lack of feel for the mood of the Commons"; according to John O'Sullivan (*Daily Telegraph*) Mrs. Thatcher took "schoolgirl pluck to an unwise extreme"; Hugh Noyes (the *Times*) saw her "in one of her 'reds under the beds' phases with 'much to learn about political repartee,' and 'rashly pursuing her point.'" Thus was Mrs. Thatcher written off by the denizens of the press gallery who reserved their approval for the elegant evasive footwork of the Prime Minister, apparently more impressed by stylish entertainment and jokes than by content and truth.

We can perhaps discount parliamentary sketch writers on the grounds that, in the main, they are legitimately a branch of the entertainment industry: to be taken rather less seriously than theatre critics. The tragedy (though a compliment to them) is that they were, so far as we can tell, reflecting accurately the "mood" of the House. It did not want to believe Mr. Bidwell and his statements were of any significance, and the Prime Minister obligingly relieved the tension of a subject which many MPs, not all of them Labour, find very uncomfortable.

Well, you may say, and whose fault is that? If politicians do not know how to take care of themselves and how to pursue a serious point effectively in the teeth of flippancy, that is their look-out. The trouble is that it is our look-out, too. This brutal nonchalance—or "Nonchalance"—is no novelty. Wasn't Henry Ford talking Nonchalance when he said: "You can have one of my cars any color so long as it's black"? Stalin was a consummate Nonchalanguist, too. "How many divisions has the Pope?" is pure Noncha. Caligula spoke Noncha, not least when he appointed his horse a consul. I do not know whether the genial Mr. Victor Matthews had something of the same intention when he said on taking office as the new chairman of London's Beaverbrook Newspapers: "By and large, the editors will have complete freedom as long as they agree with the policy I have laid down." Certainly former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's description of the resignation of his entire Treasury team as "a little local difficulty" was in the Noncha tradition.

These precedents are scarcely encouraging. The politician uses the Noncha joke not merely to beat off a single assault but to close off a whole line of attack. And Noncha works. However hard the critics try to restore the argument to a serious plane and to question the politician more closely, they have lost the audience's attention. Even in academic circles, disquiet about the growth of public expenditure remained muted throughout the early 1960s, as Macmillan was translated into "Supermac." Peter Thorneycroft's reasons for resigning from the Treasury sank below the surface and stayed there long after he himself bobbed up again. With hindsight, it now appears obvious that the failure to realize the dangers of government overspending destroyed the Heath administration as well as blighted the British economy for ten or 15 years. Mr. Macmillan's effective squashing of the argument about the causes of inflation cannot be excluded from blame. It could well be argued that "a little local difficulty" was the single most disastrous phrase uttered by a British politician since the war. Yet at the time how we all roared!

It may sound curmudgeonly to complain about jokes or pieties in a world which is commonly thought to contain an insufficient supply of either. But in truth, Noncha is not in essence a branch of wit or piety. It is really a type of disguised egoism. The effrontery masks the awfulness of the self-assertion. Noncha belongs to the same ghastly category as the anecdote told by almost every celebrity, in which the celebrity is lavishly flattered by a stranger who eventually turns out to have mistaken him for another equally famous person. The story purports to be at the celebrity's expense; in fact, its underlying intention is to confirm that he enjoys the same status as the other celebrity. It is the pride that apes humility.

The long-term effect of Noncha is to degrade the level of political debate and impoverish its vocabulary; for Noncha draws attention to the facts of power while sneering at any discussion of the moral credentials of that power or the uses to which it may best be put. Noncha makes any attempt at serious argument seem pompous and academic. Instead, it imposes a flat, cynical, and flippant mode of political conversation. A community habituated to Noncha is liable over a period to get out of practice at justifying its own existence, to lose touch with its moral origins, and so to become fatally vulnerable to any strong external challenge. As the collapse of countless virtuous republics testifies, when power is the only language left that people understand and respect, they have already lost the power to govern themselves. □



Tom Bethell

Capitol Ideas

Government is really cut back only when Attila the Hun comes across the mountain range and lays waste.

Sometimes you have to laugh. Take the case of William Sibert, the public servant who worked for the Urban Mass Transportation Administration before being accused by the U.S. Attorney's Office of diverting \$850,000 in Atlanta subway funds to his own bank account. Neighbors in Suitland, Md., began to get suspicious (and that's how he was caught) when Sibert would show up in a different new car every day. According to the *New York Times*, Sibert allegedly "used the money to buy at least twelve luxury cars, [a] new home and houseboat, a topless bar a block from FBI headquarters here, and many real estate parcels here and in the western United States."

The *Washington Star* reported: "All told, sources said, Sibert had bought at least ten Lincolns within the last two months."

Ten Lincolns! (They were Mark V Continentals.) A bit extravagant, wouldn't you say? Overdoing it a bit, no? No wonder the neighbors got suspicious. Two or three—fine. No one would have given it a second thought. Not in Washington. But ten.... As I say, that becomes a little bit incredible. We all know that government pay is high, and keeps getting higher, but it's not that high yet. It was interesting that Mr. Sibert apparently quelled any potential suspicions on the part of his bank manager by claiming that he was a self-employed contractor for the Department of Transportation. That's how unexceptional it is to get government funds in the neighborhood of \$1 million transferred to one's bank account. Sibert is 29 years old.

The more one reads and hears about federal employment, the more of a scandal it seems to be. The first point to notice is that as a diligent promoter of government programs and spending, the federal employee can make his own special, personal little contribution to inflation. But why should he care? Government salaries are "indexed" in such a way that he is at the same time immune from inflation.

In October, federal white-collar civil servants and military personnel are expected to get a 7.05 percent pay raise. By law, federal salaries are supposed to equal salaries for comparable jobs in private industry (in fact they are higher at lower and middle levels), and annual surveys by the Bureau of Labor Statistics ensure that government workers catch up every October with any increase that might be discernible across the nation. It remains for the President to sign on the dotted line, and of course he will. The pay raises affect 3.8 million people and that's too many votes to ignore. (An effective counter-inflation measure would be to refuse to let government workers have pay increases; that would soon enough generate a good deal of pressure within the bureaucracy for the public sector to go on an immediate "diet," but it will never happen.) There are about 300,000 federal employees in the Washington area, and the upcoming pay increase will add about half a billion dollars to the area payroll. That should keep the Lincoln Continental salesman in business, even if young Sibert does go to jail for his extravagance.

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Meanwhile, the new political appointees to Washington are shockingly overpaid. The *Uniformed Services Journal* recently pointed out that whereas a young punk like White House staff secretary Richard G. Hutcheson III, age 26, earns \$42,500 a year for supervising "paper flow," Captain Joseph S. Barth, Jr., U.S.N. earns \$33,024 for commanding the U.S.S. Forrester, one of the largest and most expensive combat vessels in the world, with a 3,000-man crew.

Another punk, Deputy Press Secretary Rex Granum, a 27-year-old with three years experience as a reporter, who advises the President on "press affairs," earns \$48,000 a year. By contrast, Major General Kenneth McLennan, commanding general of the Second Marine Division, age 52, with 34 years experience in the U.S. Marine Corps, now in command of an 18,000-man fighting force, "with the obligation of keeping it and its hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of supplies and equipment ready to move anywhere in the world on a few hours' notice and land ready to fight," earns \$46,090 a year.

The more one ponders the problem of government, with its built-in tendency to grow larger with every passing day, to interfere with the nation it governs in ways that only create greater problems and so result in an outcry for more government; and the more one considers related problems, such as the near impossibility of firing union-protected civil servants, their isolation from responsibility, and the absence of any means of judging whether they are doing anything productive or useful (except in the rare case of government agencies such as NASA), on top of their ability to cause inflation and yet crank up their pay scales to keep slightly ahead of such inflation—the more one realizes that all of Jimmy Carter's talk about reorganizing government and passing sunset laws and sunshine laws is just so much moonshine. The only time government is ever really and truly cut back is when Attila the Hun comes across the mountain range and lays waste to everything—good as well as bad.

The paradox that emerges when one considers our Government-As-Duly-Constituted, Democracy-As-We-Know-It, is that both the problem and the faint hope of a solution lie with Congress. The problem with Congress, always, is that representatives tend to put their interest in their own constituencies ahead of the national interest, resulting in incrementalism, an inching forward, a slow-but-steady accretion of programs, spending, and so on.

At the same time, the saving grace of elected representatives is that, unlike judges or bureaucrats, they can be fired, and are—regularly. This makes them genuinely concerned about what the voters have on their minds, and if the voters have "big government" on their minds, then in many cases congressmen will make a genuine effort to do something about it, however impossible that

may ultimately prove to be. In other words, the best that can be said about the legislative branch is that it is at least sensitive to the popular will.

Since my last dispatch, one of the most important developments in Washington has been the attempt by certain liberal (by which one means illiberal) senators to undermine this remaining bulwark, to "desensitize" the Congress by making it less necessary for senators to listen to what their constituents have to say; in short, to provide federal financing of Senate campaigns, in the same way that presidential campaigns are already financed. The ringleader of this plan to put the U.S. Treasury at the disposal of both incumbents and their challengers was Senator Dick Clark of Iowa (ADA rating: 100), with the egregious Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts as his principal co-conspirator.

Public comment on this issue has been confined mostly to discussion of whether or not public financing of campaigns would hurt or help incumbents. It seems to me that this is not the important issue. I am quite prepared to agree with Senator Clark that it would if anything work against incumbents, and that Republicans were raising a false issue when they said that the whole thing was a plot to destroy the Republican Party.

What is truly at stake is the belief that there should be, or can be, a kind of benign, disembodied, impartial Uncle—Uncle Sam—empowered to distribute cash freely to whoever should seek public office. The theory behind this is that such no-strings-attached beneficence is bound to be an improvement, if only because it cuts out the so-called "special interests." Notice, first of all, the typical liberal assumption that there exists such a thing as a reservoir of impartial dollars, ready to solve all our problems, if only a certain residual mean-spiritedness can be overcome. Questions concerning, say, the enormous bureaucracy that would be needed to administer such a program (435 congressional candidates, and 435 opponents, plus 33 senatorial candidates, and *their* opponents, every two years) are viewed as irrelevant by the likes of Clark and Kennedy, who are consumed by the notion that, no matter what, the "special interests" must be confounded.

Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon is to be commended for an excellent response to this point, made during the unusually interesting Senate debate of this bill in late July and early August. Hatfield said:

And since the sponsors attempt to justify their bill by resorting to the catchword "special interests," I ask that they define their terms. Who are the special interests whose influence they say so corrupts the political process? Is it the AFL-CIO? Is it the United Auto Workers? Is it perhaps the Chamber of Commerce, or the National Association of Manufacturers? Perhaps the sponsors are referring to the Farm Bureau or the Grange? Or maybe they mean to condemn the Sierra Club or the Environmental Defense Fund? Perhaps they even are addressing Common Cause.

Hatfield pointed out that all these groups are merely exercising their First Amendment rights, "but we are now being told that because their concerns are specific and because they are organized their interests are clearly at odds with the general welfare." Hatfield then made this appeal:

During the course of this debate, I hope the sponsors will identify who they think are the special interests. Furthermore, I hope they will define for us what they mean by the term "public interest." And I hope they will show us where the two are inconsistent.

This appeal was ignored, of course. Clark, Kennedy, and others had hoped that they could get by merely by waving the "special interest" banner. That they were not able to do so—the bill was defeated because they were unable to get enough votes to cut off the opposing filibuster—was probably due in large measure to the efforts of Senator Russell Long of Louisiana, who took great

umbrage at the proposal, and became sufficiently aroused to line up crucial opposition from the ranks of the southern Democrats.

Long asked, in effect, what theory of government we are now trying to enact, such that a representative who has done such a good job of representing his constituents that he wins, say, 90 percent of their votes, shall have an opponent who *must* be publicly financed on an equal footing with himself. Why should this be? It is an absurd extension of the reigning doctrine of equality (already absurdly extended, it is true). Long imagined an opponent—"some fellow who could not get enough votes to wad a shotgun, who might have a horrible reputation, and taxpayers' money is being used to support that man for office."

Ironically, it was Senator Long who was primarily responsible for the passage of the presidential campaign income-tax checkoff, leftover money from which (about \$20 million) would have been used to finance Senate races had this bill passed. Long now has serious misgivings about the presidential funding, and would like to see it cut back. For one thing, he pointed out, campaign financing is getting so horrendously complex and mired in regulation that an incautious office seeker might "run for the Senate, and he may find he may not go to the Senate, but go to the penitentiary."

I very much liked the following observation by Senator Long, made shortly after he pointed out that according to the provisions of the bill, "You can have \$125,000 of tax-paid money in Louisiana, and a lot more in other states, it is just there for someone to go out and run against a man." He said:

When I first started practicing law as a young lawyer, any time that the elections for the State legislature came around, all the young lawyers would go qualify to run, not that they thought they were going to win—most of them knew that they were not going to be elected—but they wanted some publicity. These young lawyers were not permitted to advertise for business at that time, but they could get their picture in the newspaper, stating the fact that this was a young lawyer practicing there in town. They would gain a lot of publicity....but it was not costing the public anything. If this [campaign financing] approach is to be followed, so far there has not been one Republican opponent I have had to run against me who ever ran in the primaries. A Republican committee, for example, would name

the candidate. So this would be just \$125,000 worth of free publicity. I do not know why a young lawyer should run for mayor or council; he should run for the U.S. Senate in order to get his publicity. There is \$125,000 just lying there.

It can be seen that Long wasn't exactly opposing the bill on the type of "good government" grounds promoted by the League of Women Voters; his own vested interest is plainly there. Still, his overall conclusion that "this bill is entirely on the wrong track" is correct.

The Clarks and Kennedys of this world can holler all they like about the "special interests," but what they really reveal by using this slogan is that they would much rather sit up there on Capitol Hill and not have to listen to *anybody* tell them what should or should not become law; they are already so certain they know what's best for the nation that they don't feel they should have to listen to organized groups of citizens or be grateful to them for their money. It is noteworthy that there was a nearly perfect correlation between those who voted for this bill and those who routinely vote for more government spending and more equality. Clark and Kennedy unctuously tell us that what they really want is more input from "the people," but they really don't, because they've already decided what's good for the people.

Perhaps the simplest way to put it is to say that the bill was just one more element in the widespread assault on politics that Common Cause and certain other illiberal groups have been encouraging since, approximately, the beginning of Richard Nixon's second term. Senator Hayakawa of California made an extremely perceptive speech touching on this point. He said:



Ultimately, disgusted with politicians, some people, from time to time, yearn for government without politics. Sometimes, to their dismay, they get it, as in Soviet Russia, Poland and North Korea, where the political process has been abolished.

The public financing of congressional campaigns is a thinly disguised assault on politics. "Politics" means compromising with those you disagree with. And that is just what our contemporary "liberals" don't want to do. And that is why every man jack of them voted to place themselves at one further remove from the

whole grubby business of organized citizenry and its tainted money. The state, they believe, can provide lilly-white money. That is naïve, in just the same way that Karl Marx's belief that the state would "wither away" once the proletariat overcame the "ruling classes" was naïve. Marx's writings turned out to be blueprints for the accumulation of irresistible state power, and government financing of elections would be the same. Fortunately, enough senators saw through it this time, but you can bet that Messrs. Kennedy and Clark will be back again with their foolish and dangerous proposal next year. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

by

Eugene Bardach



Preparing for the Next Oil Embargo

It is now three and a half years since the Arab oil-producing countries embargoed petroleum exports to the United States. The Federal Energy Administration (FEA) has estimated that this embargo cost the economy \$10-20 billion. Since we are now considerably more dependent on foreign oil imports than we were during the 1973-74 embargo, a major new supply disruption would be even more costly. Yet only within the last two months have the first few barrels of oil gone into a government stockpile that would buffer the economy against such a catastrophic disruption. (1)

It took Congress over a year and a half from the onset of the 1973 embargo to pass the Energy Policy and Conservation Act, which authorized the FEA to establish a Strategic Petroleum Reserve (SPR) containing a 90-day supply (about 500 million barrels) of crude oil and petroleum products by 1982. The legislation designated intermediate goals of 150 million barrels by December 1978 (the so-called Early Storage Reserve) and 325 million barrels by December 1980. The Act also ordered the FEA to acquire the first ten percent (50 million barrels) by June 1977. In December 1976 the FEA published its SPR plan, stating that the June 1977 goal would not be met "because of technical requirements, environmental hazards and high

costs." (2) As for reaching the rest of the goals on time, the FEA report promises little. Although capacity for Early Storage of 240 million barrels "will be developed," the FEA only "will endeavor" to fill this capacity to 150 million barrels by December 1978. Similarly, the agency "will endeavor" to complete the storage program on a schedule "essentially consistent" with the 1975 Act. In view of the fact that the 1977 target has been missed, and that the FEA was six months late publishing its SPR plan, the promise to "endeavor" is not reassuring.

On the brighter side, President Carter and his advisers are concerned not only to adhere to the original schedule but to accelerate it. The President's revisions in the Ford budget call for 250 million barrels to be stored by December 1978 and 500 million barrels by December 1980. The political magnitude of this decision can be measured by noting the difference in the relevant budget estimates for fiscal 1978: \$1.7 billion in Ford's budget and \$3 billion in Carter's.

In addition, the President's announced national energy program proposes to double the planned size of the stockpile, i.e., to acquire one billion barrels or, as the "Detailed Fact Sheet" on the program puts it, enough to "enable the United States to withstand a serious supply interruption for 10 months." (3)

No one quarrels with the concept of a strategic oil stockpile to deter a future embargo and to reduce its economic impact

should deterrence fail. But a stockpile is expensive. Critics seem to think it is another one of those luxurious and unaffordable concepts like "equality" or "justice" or "strategic nuclear superiority." The FEA estimates the cost of construction and land acquisition for the stockpile at \$1.38 to \$1.65 per barrel, and this is the cheap part. To fill it with oil will cost anywhere from \$11 to \$14 per barrel, bringing total outlays for a 500-million-barrel SPR to over \$7.5 billion. Doubling the size of the Reserve would presumably bring the total to nearly \$15 billion. (4)

Of course, budgetary outlays are in a very important sense misleading. Oil in the Reserve does not evaporate. It sits around until one day, perhaps many years in the future, we no longer fear an embargo. At that time, the oil is sold off and the initial outlays are, in effect, recouped. If the sale price turns out to be lower than the acquisition price, the government sustains a capital loss; conversely, if the sale price is higher, the government receives a capital gain. Meanwhile, the only predictable and certain costs are the costs of construction and land acquisition (say, \$1.50 per barrel) and the interest foregone on the initial capital outlay. If the interest rate is ten percent, and the purchase price \$14 per barrel, the annual storage cost is only \$1.40 per barrel plus amortization of the initial set-up costs of \$1.50, roughly 20 cents. Calculating the costs in this way implies an annual expenditure of about \$1.6 billion for a billion-barrel reserve.

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This is a lot less than the alarming figure of \$15 billion. But the \$1.6 billion expenditure does continue year after year, as long as we hold the stockpile. (5)

It seems certain that President Carter's plan to accelerate the storage schedule and to double the eventual stockpile size will be resisted in some quarters as too expensive. A February 1977 report by the General Accounting Office, entitled "Issues Needing Attention in Developing the Strategic Petroleum Reserve," focused mainly on financial issues and ignored all those pertaining to schedule slippages. It also questioned the need for a 500-million-barrel government reserve *in addition to* normal industry inventories. Although the GAO report raises legitimate questions, its emphasis on cost-cutting probably portends trouble for the Carter plan in Congress. But while the costs of a 180-day reserve are not small, they are almost certainly worth paying; for not only do the benefits of such a reserve far exceed the costs, but none of the alternatives is likely to be a complete substitute for a strategic oil stockpile (though any of them could, and should, affect our conception of its optimal size).

The Benefits of a Stockpile

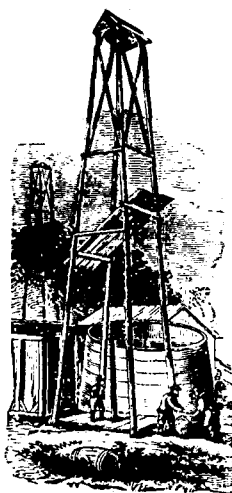
The benefit of a stockpile can be construed as the economic damage that would be averted in case of an embargo, with this sum discounted by the improbability of such an embargo. Thus, if an embargo of six months' duration were expected to cause, say, \$64 billion damage, we would have to discount its chances of occurring to less than 2.5 percent per year before we would conclude that a six-month stockpile was not worth \$1.6 billion per year. If the risks of such an embargo are greater than 2.5 percent per year, the stockpile is worth it. Varying the figures in a hypothetical embargo does not affect the logical validity of this procedure. For instance, if an embargo lasted a year, the total economic damage might be, say, \$200 billion. Drawing down a six-month (billion barrel) strategic stockpile at a rate that stretched it out over the entire year might reduce this loss to \$100 billion. In that case, one would have to believe that an embargo was more than 98 percent improbable to make a six-month stockpile look like a bad bargain.

What sort of damage estimates are realistic? Such estimates are bound to be crude. However, the FEA has an elaborate computer simulation model that gives us some numbers to conjure with.

The economic cost to the GNP of a six-month embargo in 1977 would be \$42 billion. If world oil prices were to stay at their present high level, and if as a result we were to reduce our imports, the economic cost of a six-month embargo in 1980 could drop to \$16 billion. On the other hand, if the world oil price were to drop to \$8 per barrel—as seems much more likely

—imports would rise and the cost of an embargo would soar. In 1980, it would be \$55 billion (in 1977 prices); in 1985, approximately \$170 billion. (6) And if the embargo were to last longer than six months, the cost would be higher.

No matter how fuzzy the estimates of potential damage by embargoes of different durations may be, it is easier to make these estimates than to assess the probability of an embargo (of whatever duration). It is hard to imagine an Arab oil embargo triggered by anything but another Arab-Israeli war. A selective embargo of one nation—the United States, for instance—is not feasible because the oil exporters simply cannot monitor the trans-shipment of oil, nor prevent it even if they could monitor it. Hence, "an embargo" can only mean a general embargo against all importing nations in the OECD bloc (and Japan), and this drastic action is plausible



only if there is another Arab-Israeli war. In the event of such a war, the odds strongly favor a general embargo, whether or not the U.S. intervenes to help Israel as in 1973. All that is needed to trigger it is Arab military defeat, political stalemate, or psychological humiliation. Since another Arab-Israeli war in the next ten years is very probable if not virtually certain, a betting man would surely wager on another embargo. Indeed, one plausible scenario has the Arab nations locked in a political stalemate with Israel over the next two or three years and then starting a war they know they will lose as a pretext for imposing another oil embargo. If oil is their strong suit, why should they not create opportunities to lead to it?

The Cost-Effectiveness of a Stockpile

In the absence of counter-measures, then, a general oil embargo is predictable in the next decade. Against the threat of an oil embargo no counter-measure could be better adapted than a strategic reserve. It pits oil against oil, barrel for barrel. In fact,

it is such an excellent defensive weapon, at a mere \$1.6 billion per year, that we can hardly afford *not* to buy it. (7)

This conclusion would not necessarily hold up if there were some less costly and equally effective weapon, e.g., increased domestic supply, imports from more secure sources, or conservation. We can also take certain during-the-embargo emergency measures like fuel-switching (oil to coal in power generation, particularly), stand-by fuel production, and mandatory car-pooling.

It seems doubtful, however, that accelerated domestic supply, conservation, and stand-by measures can reduce our vulnerability to an embargo very much in the next decade or so. The main difficulty is that the demand for oil is very brisk during prosperous times, and production from conventional domestic sources has been declining at the rate of about 4 to 5 percent per year. Within the past year imported crude oil and refined products exceeded domestic supply for the first time. Indeed, imports rose about 25 percent.

Some of these measures, moreover, have costs of their own. Domestic supply inevitably means increased environmental degradation, though people can disagree on how much and on its significance. Conservation can mean money-saving steps like home insulation, in which case it is desirable. If, however, "conservation" also means unpopular modifications in styles of living or levels of consumption, it is not costless. Despite allegations to the contrary, the United States does not "waste" a lot of energy. While it is true that we use 32 percent of the world's energy, we also produce 31 percent of the world's gross product. To the extent that we forego energy consumption there is likely to be a real economic cost—and some of it will be borne not by ourselves alone but by all nations that import U.S. goods. In an important sense, "conservation" is equivalent to imposing an embargo on ourselves and our allies rather than letting the Arabs do it to us. We might, therefore, be better off paying for whatever size stockpile permits us to import whatever volume of oil we really want. In this context, I use "might" advisedly. It is hard to know the truth of the matter. Perhaps the best way to find out is to finance the strategic reserve through a tax on imports. That way consumers of imported oil would actually end up paying for most of the stockpile; and if they did not want to pay so much, they would always have the option of importing less or none at all. (8)

Of course, reducing our import-vulnerability is only one means of reducing the expectable damage from oil embargoes. Another way is to blunt the will of the Arab oil exporters to resort to an embargo even in the event of another war with Israel. To a degree, this has occurred already. The importing nations are the sheiks' partners in a profitable trade, the valued suppliers of their technology and

foodstuffs, the guardians of their financial assets, and the guarantors of oil-related debt accumulating in the poor countries. As Sheik Yamani so often reminds us, the Arab oil exporters have a large stake in Western economic well-being. Nevertheless, we must wonder if any or all of these prudential and utilitarian considerations would weigh very heavily in the face of deep political frustration and psychological humiliation. For the sake of Islamic glory and honor would not the sheiks be willing to sacrifice a few billion dollars? Anyone who doubts it should remember that the United States spent far more, in lives, treasure, and spirit, in the vain pursuit of "peace with honor" in Vietnam.

Still in the air, too, is the threat of military intervention in case of imminent "strangulation" of the West, as former Secretary of State Kissinger put it. The more seriously the Arabs take this threat, the less likely an embargo, and the smaller the size of our required stockpile. Herein lurks an irony, however. Because the Arabs could disrupt the flow of oil by sabotaging the oil fields and loading docks, a credible invasion threat must be backed by a large stockpile to hedge against such a disruption. More precisely, the stockpile must be large enough to tide us over the period while Western petroleum engineers and construction crews repair the damage, a job that could take some six months.

The Political Dimensions of a Stockpile

Because a stockpile—whether or not accompanied by a military threat—is such an excellent deterrent to an embargo, if we have a large one we can be virtually

assured that it will never have to be used. More accurately, it will never have to be used as a defensive economic weapon. However, it could have plenty of uses as an offensive political weapon. We could feel a lot freer to assist Israel militarily and politically. We could try to force the price of OPEC oil back down to some tolerable level or, better still, break up the cartel. (For instance, acquiring the stockpile from OPEC nations by means of U.S. government-managed auctions requiring sealed bids would surely be a useful anti-cartel strategy. [9]) We could also exert pressure on our allies to create more adequate oil stockpiles of their own. And, finally, the very act of acquiring the stockpile is a signal to all other nations that we are determined not to give in to blackmail or to retreat from our historical responsibilities in world affairs.

Unfortunately, the political debate over whether to enlarge the stockpile and to accelerate its acquisition has the potential to signal fecklessness as well as determination. The GAO report, viewed in this context, is harmful—not, of course, for what it says but for what it fails to say. One can only hope that cost-conscious critics of the SPR program, and of President Carter's proposal to expand it, will not be too audible. Foreign leaders will no doubt follow the course of the forthcoming debate with care, for it will probably reflect fairly accurately the present state of elite opinion on the future American role in foreign affairs. □

1. Industry inventories are normally large enough to substitute for 120 days' worth of oil imports, but these inventories should be counted only as a buffer against normal com-

mercial disruptions, not abnormal political ones.

2. Federal Energy Administration, "The Strategic Petroleum Reserve Plan in Brief," p. 3.

3. The ten-month figure evidently assumes a relatively slow draw-down rate for the Reserve during an actual emergency. Otherwise the planned billion-barrel Reserve would provide only a six-month supply. Because such a slow draw-down rate would impose a real economic cost, even while permitting us to "withstand" an embargo, I shall continue to refer to the billion-barrel Reserve as a six-month supply.

4. In July, FEA official Thomas Noel estimated the cost of a billion-barrel reserve even higher, at \$18-20 billion.

5. Present plans call for the stockpile to be placed in salt domes in Louisiana near the Gulf of Mexico. This location permits easy access to major oil pipelines. It might be slightly less costly overall, however, to put a portion of the stockpile there as a "ready" reserve and to locate the remaining portion in a less accessible spot, namely Alaska. The Alaskan portion could be acquired by developing and then shutting in certain wells on the North Slope. Appropriate payments would, of course, have to be made to the affected private companies. This policy would also permit us to avoid sending a good deal of North Slope oil to Japan.

6. Thomas H. Tietenberg, *Energy Planning and Policy*, Lexington, Mass.: D.C. Heath, 1976, p. 124. Table 9-1. Tietenberg presents his estimates in 1975 dollars. I have increased his figures by approximately ten percent to convert them into 1977 dollars.

7. An additional benefit of a strategic reserve would be protection against supply disruptions caused by terrorism or other politically-inspired acts of sabotage. I am indebted to Professor S. Fred Singer for this observation.

8. Another nice feature of a tax on imports is that, to the extent it is shifted backward onto producers rather than forward onto consumers, the parties who are at the root of our problem are paying for its solution.

9. This is the scheme proposed by MIT economist Morris Adelman.

John Nollson

A Spy in His Cups

As I rode through the hunt country of northern Virginia not far from Washington, D.C., I realized that I had become separated from the rest of my mounted group. I sighted a small barn with an open door, a most inviting structure; perhaps it was a place where I might find some water for my thirsty horse. I approached, dismounted, walked in, and noticed immediately that the barn was no barn at all, but a refurbished vaulted room. Steel filing cabinets lined one wall, two long tables piled high with papers stood against another. My eyes were drawn to a long oaken table in the middle of the room where I noticed two gentlemen in what

seemed to be British riding attire. They were drinking tea.

One of them, who bore an uncanny resemblance to Richard Burton, stood up to introduce himself. He thrust out his hand. "Leamas," he said, "Alec Leamas."

I was taken aback. "Not *the* Alec Leamas," I stammered, "surely not *the* spy who came in from the cold! I thought John Le Carré had killed you off at the Berlin Wall back in 1964!"

"Yes," said Leamas with a tone of world-weariness, "the most poignant death in the history of espionage since the hanging of Nathan Hale. But unlike Hale, I

am still very much alive. You must realize that Le Carré was working hand-in-glove with M.I. 5, part of a larger plan, you see. Reduction in force. But the upshot is that I have been kept on as a consultant. May I present my friend and colleague George Smiley."

"Smiley?" I blurted out, and surely I must have appeared thunderstruck. Here, in a non-descript, made-over barn was the legendary George Smiley, the same Smiley who had ferreted out the traitor in British intelligence, the Smiley who had flushed out The Mole. Smiley—still one of the few Englishmen who ranked with Robert Morley on the scale of patriotic commit-

ment! What was George Smiley doing here?

"May I offer you some tea?" asked Smiley.

"Certainly," I said.

"Milk or lemon?" he asked.

"Milk will be fine," I answered.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that Leamas had added neither milk nor lemon but had instead withdrawn from his hip pocket a small flask. He poured a generous amount of brandy into his teacup.

"Don't be disturbed by Alec," volunteered Smiley. "You see, ever since he was portrayed in the cinema by Richard Burton, he has acquired a taste for the theatrical, for the flamboyant. Indeed, when he has had too much to drink, he fancies himself as the famous actor altogether."

My mind was racing. Was it this which had brought Leamas to America, this strange transference, this desire to relive his greatest triumph? Did he think he was Burton? Did he know, as almost everyone did, that Elizabeth Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher Burton Warner was now living in the very hunt country where Leamas, Smiley, and I were taking tea?

Somehow—perhaps it was his years of experience—Smiley sensed my anxiety. "Our business here has been quite straightforward, really quite ordinary, run-of-the-mine M.I. 5 business," Smiley said reassuringly. He stared into his teacup and reached for a scone. "Our work is about done; we've been called home and we'll soon be packing up to go," he said.

"Yes," seconded Leamas, "about time to pack up, so near to Elizabeth, yet so far. All this time here, and we've not yet met!" He poured more brandy into his teacup.

"It's getting to him," Smiley muttered, "too long out of being in the cold." He removed his glasses and began polishing them with a handkerchief. Then he cleared his throat.

"Ahem," said Smiley, "you are probably wondering why we are being so frank with you."

"Yes," I said, "from what I've read, it's not customary among spies to be so forthright."

"Fact is," continued Smiley, "we've been in your country on a mission, one that has already changed the history of the Western world. Two centuries ago, it was you Yanks with your revolution who turned the world upside down—as the old song had it—making the first crack in the Empire. Well, turnabout is fair play, eh? Poetic justice and all that."

"Bah," growled Leamas, "it takes George forever to get to the point. We've been experimenting with powerful behavior-modification drugs, that's what we've been doing. Wonderful things they are, and we've spread them about in pre-packaged popcorn, in frozen Chinese food, in reconstituted wheat germ—everywhere."

I tried to absorb the import of what Leamas had just said. Was it true? Not a stone's throw away from the CIA's headquarters I was sharing tea with two British agents—long thought to be washed up, one of them thought to be dead in fact—two British agents who, to speak honestly, were dressed in rather shabby tweed, but who had nonetheless managed to conduct behavior-modification experiments on a previously unimagined scale!

"Why, uh, why, may I ask, did you do all of this?" I asked haltingly.

"Ah," said Smiley, "to see whether we could infect you with it."

"With *it*?" I asked quizzically.

Leamas snickered. "The English sickness," he said casually, "just testing your susceptibility to the English sickness."

We fell silent.

It devolved on Smiley to break the awkward pause in the conversation. "You must learn," he said, looking directly at Leamas, "that you ought not to reveal Official Secrets, especially those having to do with the Yanks' competitive advantage and how we might try to reduce it."



"Oh," I volunteered cheerily, "no breach of security here! I've read all about Projects Artichoke, Bluebird, Chick-wit, and Mk. Ultra-delta. Gee, I never guessed that you Brits were clever enough to do all of that and tag it on the CIA!"

"You colonials are always underestimating us," Smiley chuckled. "I'm surprised your enterprising journalists have yet to figure it out. Surely, you are aware of the peculiar things that have been going on in your country these past dozen years?"

"Yes," interrupted Leamas, "it didn't start with Watergate."

"No, indeed, it did not!" said Smiley with an uncharacteristic note of assertiveness in his voice. "It began when they brought in as director of M.I. 5 someone with a red-brick university background—that's a Labour government for you—a fellow with one of those American-style degrees, Master of Industrial Progress or Doctor of the Post-Technotronic Era, or some such. Quite a change from Control who had read medieval literature at Cambridge. We old individualists were slated for early retirement, another reduction in force. For some reason, though, we were put to work on this small project, perhaps because the new man didn't think it would amount to much. We've showed him, haven't we Alec?"

"Yes," said Leamas gleefully, "we did it." He paused to refill his cup with brandy. "We're the ones. We forged the mind of America. Got you thinking what we wanted you to think. Yep, we created the mass adulation of Colonel Sanders and Alex Comfort!" He took a long sip and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Fast food, slow sex," he chortled.

"Quite so," said Smiley, "but these are not the only stories we could tell you. There must be a dozen people struggling to become Mayor of New York City. How do *you* account for that? Ha!"

Poor Leamas, his giggling appeared now to be quite uncontrollable. Even Smiley's face began to show the trace of a grin.

"You know," Smiley said, "sometimes these experiments can get somewhat out of hand, especially when under the direction of an irrepressible prankster like our friend Leamas. Well, sooner or later the whole story will come out, it always does. You see that Alec is quite a one for the brandy. It was back in '66, as I recall, that he was quite drunk, down in the dumps, moping about the old days in Berlin—when his eyes lit up. Yes, I remember what he said: 'I wonder what it would be like to take that uptight old bugger Nixon and turn him on with some acid?' Ever-resourceful Alec, that's why he was invaluable to us behind the Iron Curtain! He trailed Nixon to the bar of the Plaza Hotel and then and there laced his scotch and soda with a large helping of LSD! Uproarious flashbacks, what? For a time, we considered telling your Senate committees, but we couldn't devise a plan for dealing with the diplomatic difficulties. We are old allies, after all. Besides, my dear friend, how *could* we have known?"

Leamas' laughter had now reached the point of hysteria. The man was nearly convulsed. He pounded the table with evident delight.

Smiley stirred his tea once again and finished what was left with a quite audible gulp. "I suppose," he said with an air of resignation, "that this conversation constitutes a substantial violation of the Official Secrets Act."

"Bugger the Official Secrets Act," said Leamas, now quite enthusiastically drunk. "Remember how Control used to cheer us on: Tinker, tailor, soldier, spy, let's give it one more Cambridge try!"

I sensed that Leamas' drunkenness was now a source of embarrassment to my other host, so I prepared to take my leave. We shook hands all around. Leamas was barely ambulatory and looked as if he were about to pass out. I thanked them both for their hospitality.

I mounted my horse and rode away, hoping to rejoin my group. I realized that what I had heard at teatime would require much pondering. It would be very trying. Indeed, I began to long for a simpler time when cipher was easy to break and gentlemen, in any case, did not read each other's mail. □

THE TALKIES

by
William Neubauer



The *Star Wars* Phenomenon

Star Wars, written and directed by George Lucas and released by 20th Century-Fox, is the year's biggest money-making film, and arguably the most extraordinary economic, artistic, and sociological phenomenon in the history of movies.

Despite a relatively modest pre-release publicity campaign and little advance "hype" in the press, *Star Wars* was an instant success the day it opened in 32 theatres during the last week in May: It grossed \$1.5 million in its first five days and averaged \$2 million a week throughout the summer; it is expected to make \$100 million by the end of the year; and a few weeks after the film's release, 20th Century-Fox stock shot up from 10 5/8 to a five-year high of 22 1/2.

The critical response to *Star Wars* was, with few exceptions, overwhelmingly favorable. (One exception was Molly Haskell, film critic for the *Village Voice*, who dismissed it as "a one-way ticket back to adolescence.") Coincidentally, the week the film was released both *Time* and *Newsweek* devoted several full-color pages to ecstatic praise of it. *Time* went so far as to call it "The Year's Best Movie," and the Fox publicity people quickly picked up the quote, featuring it prominently on the film's poster and in all subsequent newspaper ads. Thus *Time*, the arbiter of American pop culture, had selected *Star Wars* as best movie of the year before the year was half over.

In retrospect, it seems curious that no one at Fox had anticipated the film's box-office potential. Alan Ladd, Jr., the studio's production chief, admitted, "I didn't realize we might have something special." The studio had, in fact, failed to make arrangements for the merchandise items that are usually available in retail stores several weeks prior to a major film's

release. For example, the soundtrack album of the latest version of *A Star is Born*, with Barbra Streisand, was on the shelves of record stores and heavily promoted weeks before the film itself appeared. Early audiences of *Star Wars*, however, were disappointed to discover that there was no available recording of the John Williams score. But then Fox, in an act of avarice unprecedented in the history of recorded soundtrack music, rushed out on its own label an expensively packaged two-record album (conducted, incidentally, by the composer and performed by the London Symphony Orchestra). In spite of the exorbitant price, the album became an immediate best-seller. Now *Star Wars* tee-shirts, posters, masks, toys, costumes, games, and comic books are flooding the market and making millions.

Especially intriguing is the history of the George Lucas novel, *Star Wars*, subtitled "From the Adventures of Luke Skywalker." Judy-Lynn Del Rey, science fiction editor for Ballantine Books, had bought the rights to it and published a paperback edition of 200,000 copies, at \$1.50 each, in December 1976. It was a failure. Six months later, as the film's first box-office figures started coming in, Ballantine prepared a movie edition of the book, illustrated with color stills from the film, at a price of \$1.95. The new edition sold over one million copies by the end of June.

The cautious, wait-and-see attitude on the part of the studio can be explained, at least in part, by the nature of contemporary movie-making. *Star Wars* has few of the ingredients that research-oriented film producers consider mandatory in a marketable movie "package": It is not based on an enormously successful book or play; it has no universally popular, "bankable" stars; it has no particular black audience appeal; and, most important of all, it has no sex and little violence. Unlike Alfred Hitchcock, moreover, George Lucas was

more of a cult figure than a household name. He had tried unsuccessfully to interest Universal (which had, ironically, made a fortune on his *American Graffiti* in 1973) in his space fantasy before it was finally taken up by Ladd for 20th Century-Fox. A measure of the studio's new-found enthusiasm for the film is its plan for not one but two full-length sequels.

Lucas had originally wanted to make a new version of *Flash Gordon*, but could not obtain the rights to Alex Raymond's popular comic strip, which had inspired Universal in the late thirties to make two famous serials starring Larry "Buster" Crabbe. But Lucas has managed to recreate the look of the old serials in his \$9.5 million space epic. *Star Wars* is like a serial in which the individual chapters have been spliced together to form a two-hour, feature-length movie. The opening prologue, which crawls up the screen and recedes to a vanishing point, resembles those "Forwards" that appeared at the beginning of each chapter of the classic serials, and suggests that the story has already begun: "A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...." Lucas' use of various transitional devices, such as vertical and horizontal wipes and other optical effects associated with period action films, no doubt accounts for *Star Wars*' narrative smoothness.

There are many literary references in *Star Wars*, and English Lit. majors will undoubtedly bore us for years with long papers explaining each and every source. (One example: Darth Vader, the villain of the film, reminds us of the fallen angel Lucifer in *Paradise Lost*.) Science fiction buffs have found in the movie elements from the writings of Frank Herbert, Samuel Delaney, and Robert Heinlein, among others. But George Lucas is a child of the film generation and a member of the group of young filmmakers who passionately worship the classic cinema. It is not surprising, therefore, that *Star Wars* pays

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A Note from the Publisher

Beginning with the November issue, *The Alternative: An American Spectator* will simply be called *The American Spectator*. The shortened name will make our cover appear a little different at first. But inside the magazine you will find that we will continue to serve up the usual variety of essays, features, and reviews that you have come to expect from *The Alternative: An American Spectator*.

November also marks the beginning of our second decade of publishing. It is a tradition in the publishing world to observe such milestones with special issues featuring articles by the most renowned writers our editor can wheedle into writing for him. Well, Tyrrell has finished his wheedling and we are very pleased to report the results. Our Tenth Anniversary Issue will feature:

William F. Buckley, Jr.
on the struggle, then and now

Hugh Kenner
on the cultural impact of the sixties

Irving Kristol
on neo-conservatism

Theodore Levitt
on business and the illusions of "social responsibility"

Stephen Miller
on Vietnam and the treason of the intellectuals

Malcolm Muggeridge
on the decade of the liberal death wish

Michael Novak
on liberal anti-Communism and the legacy of the McCarthy era

So watch for us next month. You'll discover a special all-star lineup of writers and a handsome new cover.
—Baron Von Kannon

P.S. In order to begin Volume Eleven on our tenth anniversary, we are extending Volume Ten to eleven issues.

homage to earlier film genres and directors.

The film's young hero, Luke Skywalker (played by Mark Hamill), is a male counterpart of Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*. Like Dorothy, Luke longs to escape from the arid farm on which he has been raised by his aunt and uncle. The two computerized robots, or androids, bought by his uncle from Munchkin-like desert creatures, are servants of the rebel princess, Leia Organa (Carrie Fisher), who is being held prisoner by the evil Galactic Empire. The taller of the two androids, named C3PO, is of the mechanical man variety and resembles the Tin Woodsman in *The Wizard of Oz*. R2-D2, the smaller 'droid, has something of the personality and quirkiness of "Hal" in Kubrick's *2001* (if none of the latter's vocal prowess; his bleeps and squeaks must be translated for the humans by C3PO). Luke and the two robots are joined in their efforts to rescue the princess by the ancient Jedi knight, Obi-Wan Kenobi (played with commendable naturalness and dignity by Alec Guinness), and by the mercenary space pirate, Han Solo (Harrison Ford), and his simian co-pilot, Chewbacca. The character of Solo is an amalgam of swashbuckling

Errol Flynn and cynical Humphrey Bogart characters, and much of his dialogue is vintage Warner Brothers: "Listen, kid, I'm in this for the money." Chewbacca suggests the Cowardly Lion in *The Wizard of Oz*, the beast in Cocteau's masterpiece, *Beauty and the Beast*, and even the mighty King Kong himself; and many who have seen *Star Wars* have remarked its resemblances to *Planet of the Apes*. Princess Leia is a tough, Depression-era baby straight out of Joan Blondell's Busby Berkeley period. The arch-villain, Darth Vader, whose dolorous voice was dubbed, unbilled, by James Earl Jones, recalls Conrad Veidt's memorable performance as Jafar in Alexander Korda's *The Thief of Bagdad*. All of these references are reinforced by John Williams' pastiche musical score, which pays tribute to the lush melodious compositions of Steiner, Korngold, and other musicians of Hollywood's golden age.

Lucas has called *Star Wars* a "space fantasy." He might just as well have called it a science fiction comedy because it is a remarkably funny movie. Unlike Mel Brooks, who has vulgarized almost every film genre he has touched, Lucas never panders to his audience with sexual and

scatological jokes designed to win cheap laughs. Instead, he displays an innocence of vision and purity of spirit that preclude any show of cynicism or contempt for his material. The humor throughout *Star Wars* is of the gentlest kind; Lucas trusts his audience to the extent that he never forces the laughs. Early on, there is a scene in a bar on some strange planet where Luke and his companions engage Han Solo and Chewbacca to help rescue Princess Leia. The denizens of this bar, apparently the products of genetic mutation, are as indescribably ugly as the monsters in a Hieronymous Bosch painting. But by keeping his camera at a reasonable distance, Lucas rather minimizes the inherent repulsiveness of these creatures; the scene, in fact, has the look of a brawling saloon in a John Ford western. The grotesques, sipping their cocktails to the accompaniment of a weird Dixieland-type band, are both funny and curiously charming.

Also, by maintaining a middle distance in most scenes, Lucas permits the audience to see all kinds of interesting peripheral action. In the street scenes outside the bar several of the principal characters are involved in primarily expository dialogue and action, but Lucas has enlivened these short transitional scenes with glimpses of architecture, robots, bizarre animals, and vehicles which are seen above, behind, and to the sides of the actors, providing a kind of moving frame for the action.

Lucas is one of the few directors since the early days of CinemaScope to demonstrate fully the possibilities of the wide screen. His skillful use of the 70mm Panavision format is truly spectacular, and the much-praised special effects are dazzling even in the 35mm reduction prints being shown in most theatres. He makes striking use of the wide screen to produce an illusion of depth: In the aerial sequences in particular, Lucas explores the full range of peripheral vision to simulate a three-dimensional feeling, as in the film's opening scene when Princess Leia's spaceship appears to be entering the frame from above the heads of the audience.

By almost any standard, then, *Star Wars* is a triumph of the filmmaker's art and a tribute to the splendid British and American actors and technicians who worked on it—not least to George Lucas, a genuine *auteur*. In a sense, he has reinvented the action film for modern audiences by supplying *Star Wars* with a solid structure, a straight story line that holds the picture together. He has carefully avoided the ambiguities of action and character that have become fashionable with contemporary filmmakers and that have alienated a large segment of the movie-going public. *Star Wars* is exactly the kind of picture that audiences of all ages once loved, and that has been denied them for a decade or more by "youth-oriented" movie producers. With its purity of spirit and celebration of old values, it allows us, if only for a little while, to recapture our lost innocence. □

Communism: The English Journey

A special book review of *The Death of British Democracy*
by Stephen Haseler (Prometheus Books, \$13.95).

If you would make horrifying predictions about England, it would be best to do so from afar. It is difficult to accept a dismal, authoritarian future for England when you are a frequent visitor wandering about its premises. I read Stephen Haseler's *The Death of British Democracy* in peaceful Milton, Mass., and Robert Moss' *The Collapse of Democracy* on a plane returning from England. Their analyses of the British crisis and of the future course of events make good, dramatic sense. In fact, I myself had written earlier—in the spring of 1975—that the future of Britain could well be "communism by consent," a possibly peaceful transition to some form of an authoritarian "workers'" state, as Marx had predicted in 1872.

My mistake (and that is why I am troubled by the Haseler-Moss eschatology) is to have visited England twice in the last six months. All the logic and shrewd political insights are on their side. Yet, the heart has its reasons of which reason knows nothing. I cannot believe as I view the gleaming spires of Oxford and Magdalen Bridge, or think of Joan Bennett in her eighties still teaching literature at Cambridge, or recall the theatres of London and its wonderfully named streets ("strange how potent cheap music is," says Amanda in Noel Coward's *Private Lives*), that England has a totalitarian future.

A democratic world without England? Like a world without Christmas, as that editorial writer told Virginia. Yes, Virginia, there will always be an England. But what of the facts: the awful people who run the unions, that paraplegic House of Commons, the constituency Labour parties, the national bankruptcy, the pulverized middle class, the immoralists who speak for England, the facts, the facts! It is then that I fall back on that story about Ludwig von Mises who, when told by several of his students that some of his lecture opinions were contrary to the facts, replied: "So much the worse for the facts."

Britain should be heading for disaster; it has given new meaning to brinkmanship, its politics and parties are meaningless and inchoate, its people broken and dispirited, even the very ones who benefit from the welfare state. The Russians are coming, the Trades Union Congress is a coelacanth, the Labour party is infiltrated by so-called Trotskyites and assorted revolutionaries who must regret that the Nazis forever made the jackboot unpopular.

Why can't I accept this fate for England? Why can't I truly believe that democracy will fall in England, when that country has already crossed the line which Milton Friedman has warned "we dare not cross"? As Tertullian said about miracles, I believe in England because it is impossible. And because a genuine life of the mind is still possible there. But Haseler and Moss are right, you can't unscramble the omelette. It's all going, of course. England, it seems, is destined to be like the Struldbruggs in

Gulliver's Travels, granted immortality but not, alas, eternal vigor, intellect, and strength, and so they bemoaned their outcast, sempiternal fate.

We must face an unpleasant fact—England is no longer the land of Cockaigne, that once marvellous fantasy land which so astounded Trotsky who wrote in his memoirs of a day in England in 1902:

One Sunday I went with Lenin and Krupskaya (Lenin's wife) to a London church where a social-democratic meeting alternated with hymn-singing. A compositor who had returned from Australia stood up and talked about the social revolution. Thereupon everyone got up and sang, "Almighty God, make it that there will be no more kings nor rich people." I could not believe my eyes and ears.

Friedrich Engels had had the same problem with English workers. He had written eight years earlier in a letter to G.V. Plekhanov:

One is driven to despair by these English workers with their sense of imaginary national superiority, with their essentially bourgeois ideas and viewpoints, with their "practical" narrow-mindedness, with the parliamentary corruption which has seriously infected the leaders. But things are moving none the less. The only thing is that the "practical" English will be the last to arrive, but when they do arrive their contribution will weigh quite heavy in the scale.

"...but when they do arrive their contribution will weigh quite heavy in the scale," said Engels. Has Britain arrived?

Almost ten years ago, Alisdair MacIntyre, Nigel Harris, and other democratic socialists prophesied the end of social democracy in England. (1) What they said then makes strange reading today. In 1967 Harris was denouncing the Labour Government for "an 'unfair' incomes policy, curbs on the trade unions, failure to help the poor, brutality in Aden, betrayal in Rhodesia, subordination to the purposes of U.S. capitalism." Curbs on the trade unions—indeed! Brutality in Aden—the one-party dictatorship of South Yemen makes the fleeting, uninstitutionalized British "brutality" a pleasant memory in comparison.

MacIntyre, now a distinguished scholar at Boston University, spoke prophetically on "the strange death of Social Democratic England," a play on the title of a famous book by George Dangerfield, *The Strange Death of Liberal England*. MacIntyre is no dogmatist now nor was he in 1968 when in a BBC broadcast he pronounced social democracy's obituary. He argued that from 1900 to 1955, social democracy "could provide a viable expression for interests that the working class were able to recognize as their own." However, when the assumptions of a "technocratic growth-oriented capitalism" were accepted by the Labour Party, that was the end for social democracy, and with it, "the death of an entire social order." He, too, berated the social democrats for replacing

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"the old hysteria about trade-unionism [with] the new hysteria about unofficial strikes," a variation of Harris' accusation. In fact, MacIntyre argued rather dramatically that "the most dangerous single threat to freedom in our society is the will to prevent unofficial strikes—that is, to prevent any direct expression of their interests by working-class people which goes beyond the limits set by established institutions." An even more clouded effluence from his crystal ball was that Britain's social democrats were unwilling "even to admit the existence of demands for local and regional self-government and of the degree of support which has emerged for Welsh and Scots nationalism." To read this today is to see how swiftly events in Britain have moved. For the better?

MacIntyre, Harris, and many socialists on the Labour-Left were really preaching the Rousseauian ideal, what Robert Nisbet has described as "the redemptive power of the sovereign State." And surprisingly, their views and their demands were given wide support by Conservative spokesmen like Harold Macmillan, R.A. Butler, and the late Iain Macleod, all of whom moved the Conservative Party leftwards after the shattering Tory electoral defeat in 1945.

Stephen Haseler, now a Labour member of the Great London Council, speaks in his important book as a long-time member of the Labour Party and a close ally during the 1950s of the late Hugh Gaitskell. His analysis is divided into eight parts: The first two describe the reasons for Britain's present political failures; the third describes the points at which the democratic pass has already been sold; the next three parts examine the weaknesses of the national response to the threats to British democracy; part seven deals with Britain's future if the present national decline goes unarrested; and chapter eight is programmatic, offering recommendations for a new national consensus to "salvage" British democracy.

As if to confirm my argument of the Conservative Party's drift leftwards, Haseler says that social democratic Britain was more democratic and stable than it had been in the days of "Liberal England." In fact, Haseler writes, social democratic Britain "reached its apotheosis in the tranquil and prosperous days of the late nineteen-fifties." The Tories won the national elections of 1951, 1955, and 1959 and lost a squeaker in 1964 to Harold Wilson's Labour Party. The other Harold, Harold Macmillan or "Supermac" as he was called half-admiringly, was a Tory who according to Haseler had "courageously nailed his flag to the mast of a social democratic view of society." Macmillan was "in fact, a Tory social democrat." There should be nothing particularly startling about such a finding because it was well recognized by Labourites like the late Anthony Crosland, the chief social democratic theoretician, that the welfare state was no frightening prospect to many Tories.

If British democracy is dead, then it can be argued that the Tory leadership contributed to its demise; for the Conservatives, under Churchill, Eden, and, most significantly, Harold Macmillan, pre-empted the Labour Party on almost every socio-economic issue. As Professor Samuel Beer has written:

Although the Conservatives showed after returning to power in 1951 that they had accepted not only the welfare state, but also the managed economy, they still rejected planning. Under Macmillan, however, they gave up their brief flirtation with "neoliberalism" and created the National Economic Development Council, establishing what they hoped would be a British version of French *planification*.

In six years, the Conservative Party went from the 19th-century tradition of Disraeli's "Tory Democracy" to Macmillan's "Social Democracy." (2) In other words, between the shattering, traumatic defeat of the Conservative Party in 1945 and its 1951 victory over Labour, Toryism moved left and continued to do so. Had it not been for the Christine Keeler scandals, the Tories might even have won the 1964 election. The 1946 Tory defeat led a number of party leaders, headed by Churchill himself, to suggest even dropping the name "Conservative" for something else. In fact, the Tory move left was so striking that "butskellism," an acronym coined by the *Economist*, became a widely circulated political term meaning that the fiscal programs of the then Tory

Chancellor of the Exchequer, R.A. Butler, and a former Labour Chancellor, Hugh Gaitskell, were quite congruent.

Let us suppose that the Republican Party, after the death in 1945 of President Roosevelt, had undertaken a campaign to woo the American version of the Tory worker in order to win in 1948. In other words, suppose that the party's intellectual leadership had not been in the hands of Robert A. Taft but, say, a Republican equivalent of Herbert H. Lehman. A Republican Party under such liberal direction would have pre-empted Democratic "liberal" positions and thus moved the vital center further left. Using such a strategy, the GOP might have won the 1948 election, but each party's continuum of positions would have drifted further left.

The point I am making is not too often heard in the debate about the future of British democracy, yet it cannot be ignored. If what Harvey Glickman once called "the Toryness of British Conservatism" could move its leaders and supporters in a collectivist, neo-social-democratic direction, what was there for ambitious, young Labour politicians to do except move further left? Otherwise, how could they separate themselves from Labour Party "revisionists" like the Gaitskellites? The social democratic 1950s under Tory governments were made possible by the support of not only the Tory worker but also a Trades Union Congress leadership which was adamantly anti-left, anti-Aneurin Bevan, anti-Communist, and anti-Soviet. Iain Macleod, as a Tory Minister of Labour, was highly popular in the TUC. When the balance of power within the TUC began to shift left in the late 1960s, it created an identity crisis for the social democratic wing of the Labour Party. Where should it stand?

Haseler's "Social Democratic Age" might easily be regarded as *la belle époque* except that, as Haseler himself realizes, this very age witnessed two alarming trends: first, "a potentially fatal weakening in national character which is today reflected in the seeming inability of leading politicians to understand and deal with the national crisis"; and second, the persistence "in British social life [of] deeper class resentments than in any other western country."

Perhaps, one could add a third potentially destructive development. Henri Peyre, the Franco-American literary critic, once described Henri de Montherlant, the French novelist, as that "typically Latin phenomenon—a Catholic atheist." One might say that England began to produce its own typically Anglo-Saxon phenomena—the Tory Social Democrat, on the one hand, and the Labour Party authoritarian socialist on the other. Such a development was abetted by a characteristic peculiar to British voters; as Paul Johnson once wrote, they "are intensely conservative; conservative even in their radicalism." Further, Johnson said:

R.A. Butler was able to bring the Tories back to power in 1951 because he recognized that the Welfare State had become part of the British social constitution and he educated his party into accepting it. It has always seemed to me an accident of history that, until recently, Labour had failed to make social democracy the normal ideology of Britain...and itself the recognized party of government.

Political lines became blurred and even the Tories began to accept that disastrous slogan—"no enemies on the left." (3)

And yet it is quite startling to realize that despite the unchecked leftward drift of British political leadership, no political party since the 1935 election has received 50 percent or more of the national vote, although the British first-past-the-post electoral system allows, of course, for parliamentary party government by House of Commons majorities.

The historic ultra-stability of the British political system has been shaken in the last two decades because the Conservative Party grossly misunderstood the crisis of the democratic world. Or, perhaps, they still believed Lord Balfour's aphorism: "Whatever party is in office, the Conservatives are always in power." The 19th-century Disraelian artifice—Tory men and Whig measures—might have been a good strategy in the days of Gladstone and Disraeli, but Tory men and Labour measures are something else entirely. It is one thing to be Right-Center and to go Left-Center, but it is another matter to go from Right to Left.

I do not mean to belabor the Conservative Party alone. A good

deal of the responsibility for the present state of the Labour Party must rest on the consciences of the so-called moderates in the party leadership who, as Bernard Levin has written, were guilty of "political cowardice and weakness."

Britain's tragedy is that the best minds in the Labour Party have adopted as their operational slogan—"don't make waves." Some of the most awful statements and actions by British Labour leaders have been allowed to slip by the Labour Party moderates without a word of protest. (4) Labour Party secretary, Ron Hayward, described Erich Honecker, first secretary of the East German Socialist Unity Party, as "a man of wisdom and experience, very proud of the German Democratic Republic, and with every right to be proud." Honecker!—the man who built the Berlin Wall, who, according to his biography, "took charge of all the organizational and military preliminaries, supervised security while it was being built, and planned and directed the political and propaganda campaigns with it." Honecker—whose "voice faltered, and tears ran down his cheeks" when he heard that Stalin had died. Honecker—who welcomed the Soviet march into Czechoslovakia in 1968. (5)

Jack Jones, head of the powerful Transport and General Workers Union, on a visit last year to the USSR described the Russian labor organizations as "doing an exceptionally good job... not just confining themselves to narrow wages and condition at work aspect [sic]." He approved of Soviet Latvia where "the people were well contented [and] running their own affairs very effectively." Jones, general secretary of Britain's largest trade union, said that in Riga he had "a feeling of going ahead, of advancement."

I could fill pages and pages with accounts of the most disgusting political actions and statements by TUC and Labour Party leaders over the past four years, leaders and officials who say that they are democratic socialists. Haseler's book is replete with examples of pro-Communist, pro-Soviet, and pro-totalitarian statements by men who supposedly believe in democracy and by others, like James Callaghan, who genuinely believe in democracy and yet are so timid before the Transport House Muscovites. (6)

Haseler contrasts the splendid oratory of British politicians with their inability to deal "with the broad political questions thrown up by the British crisis....the sort of grand moral concern shown by Parliamentarians about foreign political issues has rarely been expressed about home affairs." In this view of Parliament, Haseler is supported by Reg Prentice, who resigned as Labour Minister for Overseas Development in 1976, and who in his resignation speech said:

Our style of government, the style of adversary politics in this House, has become irrelevant to the problems of our country; and is seen to be irrelevant by the millions of people who are increasingly doubtful which party, if any, deserves to command their support....It seemed to me that we were obsessed on the Government side with pushing through the House far too many controversial and irrelevant measures which did not command the support of the majority of the British people.

According to Haseler, "the barons of the trade union movement" represent "the most serious threat to Parliamentary sovereignty." He cites case after case in which Parliament "has been seen to wilt when powerful extra-Parliamentary groups have sought to challenge both the law and the courts." (7) Haseler observes that the behavior of both Labour and Conservative governments in the 1970s has "underscored the thesis held by many senior members of the Cabinet, including some social democrats, that British governments were essentially powerless." He argues that Conservative governments "have been as responsible as have Labour ones for the present unbalanced mixed economy of Britain with its huge public service sector excessively dependent upon a dwindling productive base." (8) Quite

correctly, Haseler says that the Tories "have been as much part of the Fabian consensus as has right-wing Labour." In this, the "Social Democratic Age," he says Conservatives may be classed into two broad camps—"conservative collectivists and conservative libertarians." In what is probably the most fascinating of his chapters, Haseler describes the conservative libertarian as suspicious of conservative parties yet having no alternative but to side with them. He quotes "Why I am not a Conservative," an essay in which Friedrich Hayek argued that it is the duty of the liberal today to "oppose some of the basic conceptions which most conservatives share with the socialists."

Today's Conservative Party, under Margaret Thatcher, has inspired "a resurgence of liberal ideas, particularly in the economic field...[an] intellectual renaissance of the market economy." Haseler questions, however, whether "the free market economy can be effectively reintroduced into Britain within the framework of the democratic state." Only an authoritarian state, he says, could withstand "the political pressures against the dismantling of economic collectivism," the reigning philosophy in Britain today. And opposed to that possibility are the hard-core socialists in the Labour Party who find it easy to succumb to what Jean-François Revel has described as "the totalitarian temptation."



It used to be that the phrase "thinking the unthinkable"

referred to nuclear war. Today that slogan must have another if less dramatic application. It is possible that England may be producing what Robert Moss has called "anglo-communism." It is possible that the course which England has taken may mean the end of that country's part in the Western alliance, although I will not believe that. The British crisis is one which infects Western culture. Few democratic political parties today would invite Russian thugs-posing-as-statesmen as honored guests, but the Labour Party has done

so. (9) It is the Labour Party which tried to expel the Eastern European social democratic parties-in-exile from membership in the Socialist International. It is a leader of a top British labor union who has discussed the possibility of licensing the press. Labour Party leaders, including Michael Foot, gladly speak from Communist Party platforms and at Communist Party special events. It is the Labour Party which appointed a revolutionary Trotskyite as its youth officer. It is the Labour Party general secretary who writes for the Communist daily, the *Morning Star*. It is in the TUC that 10 percent of the members of the major union executive boards are Communist Party members, while barely 0.2 percent of the union members vote Communist in general elections. More than one-quarter of the union members vote Tory yet there are no Tory members of any major union executive board.

"I was told that the Privileged and the People formed Two Nations," said a character in Disraeli's *Sybil*. England is today still Two Nations, but today the "privileged" are a relative handful of pro-totalitarian, or anti-anti-Communist, "New Class" intellectuals in the Labour Party and their allies in the TUC. They have scattered the internal opposition so effectively that there no longer is any to speak of, except for an occasional protest from Prime Minister Callaghan. (10) While the recent by-elections show an anti-Labour trend, and the Labour majority is thin and wavering, there is no Cromwell to say on behalf of the People to the present Rump, "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!"

Men like Stephen Haseler and Robert Moss speak loudly and

bravely. However one may disagree with both in occasional detail, their thesis seems irrefutable. I doubt whether the Labour Party-Left would disagree with that thesis. The Finlandization of Britain has become a fact of international politics. □

1. David Widgery, ed., *The Left in Britain, 1956-1968* (Baltimore: Penguin, 1976). Harris' article is titled "The Loneliness of the Left."

2. "'Tory Democracy,' as Lord Randolph christened his policy, referred to the relationship between the new mass electorate and the traditional party leadership, not primarily to a policy of social reform, though it followed that some programmatic attractions were needed to ensure the loyalty of the masses." Peter Pulzer, *Political Representation and Elections* (New York: Praeger, 1967), p. 62.

3. It should be noted here that this slogan covers only capitalist countries. In Communist countries, the only real enemy to incumbent Politburos is on the left—whom does Tito fear more, the capitalist world or the USSR? Is there any greater enmity between the world's nations than that between China and the USSR? Stalin could allow for competitive co-existence with Hitler via a Nazi-Soviet Pact, but he could not allow co-existence with Leon Trotsky, his enemy on the left. The only genuine worker-peasant revolutions since 1953 have been in East Germany, Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, all of them against the Soviet Union. For the Kremlin, there are nothing but enemies on the left.

4. Labour Party moderates remind me of Julia in Byron's "Don Juan": "A little she strove, and much repented / And whispering, 'I will ne'er consent'—consented." An unnamed Labourite backbencher described Wilson with this *bon mot*: "Drive nails into Harold Wilson, and they come out screws." David Wood, "The struggle for the soul of socialism," *Times* (London), 14 April 1975.

5. Hayward's statement was published in *Labour Weekly* and reported in the *Times* (London) 29 September 1975. For the East German leader, see Heinz Lippmann, *Honecker and the New Politics of Europe* (New York: Macmillan, 1972), pp. 152 and 186.

6. When he was British Foreign Secretary, Prime Minister Callaghan was questioned in the House of Commons why the government hadn't pressured the British TUC to cancel the visit of Alexander Shelepin, former Soviet secret police chief and then head of the Soviet labor organization. The questioner recalled that as Home Secretary, Callaghan had

applied public pressure on the Middlesex Cricket Club to cancel a visit by a South African cricket team. Callaghan: "That was a domestic matter in which I was putting pressure on one of our own institutions in this country." Questioner: "Isn't the TUC?" Callaghan: "It is not my task to put pressure on the TUC to refuse to admit people to this country." Questioner: "Double standards?" Callaghan: "Yes. I don't know whether all honorable gentlemen apply a universal standard in their relations. Let's be honest—all of us at some stage in our lives apply double standards." *Vancouver Sun*, 11 April 1975.

7. Last January, Labour Attorney-General Sam Silkin refused to allow a private citizen to apply for an injunction against the post office workers union which had unanimously agreed, as part of a boycott of South Africa, not to handle any mail going to and coming from that country. Silkin himself refused to do anything about the union's illegal interference with the mail. The private citizen applied to the court of appeal which granted the injunction. Silkin then came to the court and told the judges they had no right to intrude into what was a matter for Parliament only. The court rejected his argument on the grounds that if his reasoning were correct he would become the final judge of when to suspend a law in favor of some powerful interests. "The judges put Sam Silkin in his place," the *Economist*, 29 January 1977, p. 19.

8. In 1961, the public sector of the British economy employed 5.8 million people or 24 percent of the nation's active labor force. Last year, 1976, the figure had risen to 7.5 million or nearly 30 percent—and this after 15 years of constant reduction! David Watt, "The latest battle of Britain: Cutting back the bureaucracy," *Boston Globe*, 1 May 1977.

9. Boris Ponomarev, head of the International Department of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, came to London in October 1976 at the invitation of the Labour Party international committee. His visit was widely protested, but not, of course, by the Labour Party or government.

10. A typical protest by Callaghan was reported in the *New York Times*, 11 December 1976. He told an audience that the most "hateful slogan he had heard recently was: 'What do we want? Everything! When do we want it? Now!' That's not socialism, that's fascism." He added, "There are too many people who have infiltrated already. Get them out." For Callaghan, the "enemy" is fascism, a most evanescent political phenomenon (Greece, Portugal, Spain, etc.). The enemy of socialism in Britain is not, of course, fascism but no Labour Government minister would dare call it by its right name. Not any more.

BOOK REVIEW

The Urban Predicament

William Gorham and Nathan Glazer, eds. / Urban Institute / \$4.95

Thomas Halper

Once upon a time, every guru from Father Groppi to Floyd McKissick* declaimed on the "urban crisis." With all the wit and vigor of a subway graffiti artist, they denounced and pronounced while behind them raged dozens of apocalyptic riots, complete with towering fires and tormented souls looting liquor stores. It seemed America's own special and self-created hell, and TV brought it home with a power and immediacy that an Elmer Gantry could only envy:

Was all this barely a decade ago? It seems so *passé*. The images, the terminology, the urban cause itself appear as old and decrepit as a Newark garbage truck, as quaintly dated as the promises from the last mayoral election. The urban crisis has been superseded by the war, the environment, Watergate, the energy crisis; and though New York City's lurching shuffle

toward oblivion has been widely reported, it seems to have been treated like a routine media disaster—a mass murder, perhaps, or a burst dam—which generates a certain amount of short-term platitudinizing but little more. In fickle America, where even nostalgia exists mainly as a fad, the present is everything, and yesterday's causes die easily and once dead, like other dead things, tend to remain so. The urban crisis, then, seems nearly as much a part of the ash can of history as the War of 1812 or the hula hoop.

The obsolescence of the urban crisis as an issue may have persuaded some Americans that, except for a few notorious exceptions, cities are no longer worth much concern. Yet speaking as a New Yorker—worse, a professor at the imperiled City University of New York—I

must report that news of the patient's recovery is greatly exaggerated. In fact, many cities are worse off today than when they commanded all those headlines, dominated all those sermons, and permeated all those cocktail party conversations.

What is different today is that, though the moaning and complaining continues, most of the shouting has stopped. In its place has arisen something less spectacular and telegenic but infinitely more helpful to those who care to know what the real problems are and what palliatives are available: sober, empirical study. The editors of *The Urban Predicament*, William Gorham and Nathan Glazer, draw on the best of such work. They have put together a highly informative collection of essays that engages the mind instead of the glands, and should be of interest to anyone to whom the American city is of interest. In fact, if I were to recommend one book on the subject to the concerned laymen, this would be it, for in its mixture of scope,

* At last report, Groppi was driving a bus in Milwaukee, and McKissick was a controversial real estate entrepreneur, a Republican, and a supporter of President Nixon(!).

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sophistication, and brevity it has no real competition. Lucidly and provocatively, it treats most of the classic urban problems, and if some of the discussions are better than others—George Peterson's chapter on finance and Michael Kemp's and Melvyn Cheslow's section on transportation seem especially thorough and thoughtful—none is less than good.

If all this sounds terribly ambitious, the reader nonetheless is struck by a healthy sense of humility. The contributors are frank to recognize the limits of their knowledge—James Coleman and Sara Kelly concede, for instance, that the worsening educational results in grades 4-12 in recent years are "inexplicable"—and they are candid about the obstacles preventing policy-makers from always responding rationally. Trusting facts and not impressions, the authors know that common sense—e.g., the assumption that increasing police expenditures will reduce crime—must never be exempt from challenge for the simple reason that, for all its obviousness, it may prove false. Such a stance implies the adoption of a detached and critical perspective, which confers the added benefit of sparing us moralizing but not moral concern. Thus, James Q. Wilson and Barbara Boland in one breath reassure us that crime is not "a disease of the American character," while in another insist that a crime policy must be evaluated by its justice as well as its efficiency. The writers, then, are not complacent, amoral technocrats, but tough thinkers addressing tough problems.

They do not see the problems they describe as embodying the failure of a civilization, nor do they propose a restructuring of society. It is rarely possible, in any event, to "solve" social problems, and even greatly reducing their attendant hardships may prove exorbitantly expensive or produce unanticipated consequences that lead to more suffering than the original difficulty. But while the hysterical criticisms of the sixties amounted, practically speaking, to a counsel of despair, *The Urban Predicament's* analysts plainly feel that there is something that can be done to aid us in coping with our afflictions. Peterson argues, for example, that state-wide equalization of tax bases would help "to arrest the continuing erosion of the cities' fiscal position." Also, modifying the traditional level-payment mortgage, suggest the authors of the housing chapter, might alleviate some of the burden of high interest rates. These are not earthshaking proposals, but they are clearly cause for some rational optimism.

But, inevitably, the authors remind us that the great old cities of America are too large and too complicated to be managed efficiently, that they long ago surrendered to a service-state mentality that entails unbearable fiscal and social burdens, that their precious jobs continue to flee and their vital tax base to shrink, and that our knowledge of the causes of the great urban

problems remains woefully sketchy and meager.

More than this, it seems to me that the plight of the nation's great old cities goes beyond problems of housing, education, crime, and finance, though these are surely formidable and durable difficulties in their own right. The root problem is that the old city represents a way of life which to an ever-expanding majority seems irretrievably obsolete. This is a country in which the single-family detached dwelling, not the bier-sized apartment, is the goal, in which immigration is a topic taught in school and not one encountered on the streets and in the factories, in which cars and shopping centers and little leagues and lawn chores are the stuff of life's routine and not buses and stickball and lounging on fire escapes during the dog days of August. As my students make

painfully clear to me on almost a daily basis, the old city is widely seen as a place to escape *from* and not *to*. Replacing it are the suburbs and so-called cities like Houston and Phoenix which are really aggregations of suburbs. To a New Yorker, they may seem philistine and dull, but such name-calling may merely reflect the jealousy and irritation of one whose hometown's time has already come and gone. The old city's key productive residents—businesses, the middle class, and affluent working class—may therefore be expected to continue to desert as quickly as circumstances permit, and the indifference and hostility of the rest of the nation may be expected to persist. The city's potent and glorious momentum may forestall collapse for a while, but only a reckless Pangloss could be sanguine about the coming resolution of the urban predicament. □

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BOOK REVIEW

Hugo Black and the Judicial Revolution
Gerald T. Dunne / Simon & Schuster / \$12.50

Christopher Wolfe

Gerald Dunne's biography interweaves the personal story of Justice Hugo Black with a history of the post-1937 Supreme Court, and examines the "judicial revolution" which culminated under Chief Justice Earl Warren. That revolution, says Dunne, was based on "the proposition...that judicial power not only grows out of political impasse but has the duty and sanction to impose the results that the democratic process should have reached." The decisive promulgation of this doctrine came in *Brown v. Bd. of Education*, with its promise of equal protection to racial minorities. The Court also extended protection to other groups: religious and moral dissidents (*Abington v. Schempp*, the school prayer decision, and *Memoirs v. Mass.*, the Fanny Hill case); defendants in criminal prosecutions (*Miranda v. Arizona*); and urban voters underrepresented due to malapportionment (*Baker v. Carr*). Dunne wholeheartedly accepts the judicial revolution and rejoices in the ultimate transformation of Black's pioneering libertarian dissents into majority opinions; but this puts him in an awkward position vis-à-vis Black. For if the Justice was libertarian, to Dunne's admiration, he was also a "constitutional fundamentalist," somewhat to Dunne's discomfiture.

Black thought that the Constitution ought to be interpreted literally and in accordance with the historical intentions of the Founders. No judge, he once said, "can arrogate to himself a power to 'adapt' the Constitution to new times." This suspicion of judicial subjectivism led him to attack the use of any "natural law formula," because it "subtly conveys to courts, at the expense of legislatures, ultimate power over public policies in fields where no specific provision of the Constitution limits legislative power."

But while Dunne cannot bring himself to accept Black's interpretive principles, he does not really criticize them either. He argues that "for all its infirmities" Black's admittedly inaccurate reading of legal history "could be put forward as being every bit as good a guide to decision as that provided by the interior and private revelation of untrammelled judicial discretion." Dunne can arrive at this peculiar judgment—which may suggest that Black's poor history is better than other judges' good history—because he fully

sympathizes with the *results* of Black's decisions.

Justice Black, then, was not so much a strict constructionist as he claimed. Perhaps this is best shown by examining those of Black's interpretations which Dunne calls the "fruits of the judicial revolution that were peculiarly his: a Bill of Rights binding the states to the same substantial degree as it did the nation; a First Amendment shielding preachers and pornographers alike; a right to a lawyer in any criminal trial on American soil; and an electoral calculus of one man, one vote."

Black argued that the Fourteenth Amendment made the entire Bill of Rights applicable to the states, a doctrine that the Court has indirectly adopted by gradually expanding a list of "fundamental rights." The notable thing about Black's own interpretation is the extent to which he does not follow the words of the Constitution. In *Adamson v. Calif.*, he concentrates on the vague and broad intention of the framers, relying on the Fourteenth Amendment "taken as a whole" (i.e., not looking at the parts too closely!). The closest he gets to the text is an appeal to the "privileges and immunities" clause which, he argues, is an "eminently reasonable" way to express the idea that the states are bound by the Bill of Rights. Black never answers the question why the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment used those words if, as he argues, they meant the rights of the first eight Amendments, and only those. Why didn't they just mention the Bill of Rights itself?

Black is famous for his belief in an "absolute" First Amendment: "I read 'no law abridging' to mean no law abridging." But the First Amendment doesn't end there—it says no law abridging "the freedom of speech or of the press." What is the meaning of this "freedom"? Can it be opposed to "license," for instance? Might it mean freedom from prior restraint only, or must it include freedom from subsequent punishment pursuant to law as well? And if Black wants to rely on historical intention here, his case is altogether weak. Virtually all the framers (including Jefferson, on the state level) distinguished between freedom and license, e.g., regarding seditious speech.

In *Johnson v. Zerbst*, Black produced the opinion re-making the Sixth Amendment "right to counsel" into a "right to be provided with counsel by the government." In overruling the long-established historical practice to the contrary, Black did not so much as make one argument based on the text or history. From the

opinion, one would not even know that a new right had been created.

Finally, the electoral calculus of one-man, one-vote reached by Black in *Wesberry v. Sanders* was based on the phrase stating that representatives shall be chosen "by the People," a leap that Dunne embarrassingly admits has "not quite the literalism of some other views."

The list of such cases is virtually endless, and on this question Black must be found guilty of what Professor Louis Jaffe called resourceful manipulation of the specifics of the Bill of Rights, but with a "moral assurance so great that he is not led to question his mental processes."

Thus, one must finally choose: adhere either to Black's "constitutional fundamentalism" or to the libertarian policy views he mistakenly sees in the Constitution. Professor Dunne does choose, but unfortunately he does not choose well. For in a democratic society based on the rule of law, it is necessary to affirm "constitutional fundamentalism" or rather, to eliminate Dunne's pejorative phrase, fidelity to the fundamental law. Without that fidelity, judicial review is indeed undemocratic, and opposition to the Court's decisions reflects a rejection only of personal rule, not the rule of law.

This idea finds its classic expression in Justice John Marshall's opinion in *Osborne v. Bank of U.S.*: "Judicial power is never exercised for giving effect to the will of the judge; always for the purpose of giving effect to the will of the legislature; or in other words, to the will of the law." Or, as Alexander Hamilton puts it in *Federalist* 78, "the judiciary...may truly be said to have neither force nor will, but merely judgment." In fact, of course, modern courts, with the approbation of Professor Dunne and many others, have exercised their wills rather freely.

What is absent in this book is any serious argument about the merits of the judicial revolution. The author describes it and obviously approves of it, but he does not really argue for it. Part of the problem is that modern legal thinkers have generally rejected the possibility of a close adherence to the Constitution, a rejection that has only been encouraged by Justice Black's caricature of strict interpretation. The main alternative to Black's approach has been the type of judicial self-restraint advocated by Justice Felix Frankfurter. But that self-restraint is more a restraint in policy-making than a form of strict constitutional interpretation. Frankfurter too, in his adoption of the "balancing approach" to adjudication (whereby

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judges balance claims of individual rights and legitimate state interests) upheld a notion of judicial constitutional legislation, though of a less extreme form than Black's.

There is, however, an alternative to both Black's caricature of constitutional fidelity and Frankfurter's straightforward, though restrained, judicial legislation: the idea of constitutional interpretation that prevailed during the founding period of the Republic. It would require much time and space to elaborate and defend this proposition. For the moment, it is only possible to refer to the great constitutional debates of Hamilton and Madison and the constitutional opinions of Marshall. A close reading of these suggests that judicial review without judicial legislation is possible, that a thoughtful analysis of the constitutional text yields far more direction than would generally be expected, and that areas where the Constitution gives no clear

direction should be rigorously reserved for democratic legislatures.

Despite its faults, Dunne's biography has merits which should not be ignored. He accumulates a mass of fascinating information about the inner workings and history of the modern Supreme Court (although one can wonder whether revelations of this kind are designed to increase or diminish reverence for the law). Dunne also benefits the reader through his unusually extensive understanding of economic law. His discussion of Black's early life, especially his Ku Klux Klan membership and the furor surrounding his evasion of this charge in his nomination hearings, is useful in understanding the Justice. Finally, Dunne's treatment of Black is marked by an attempt to be sympathetic, even to views with which he does not agree. For instance, he avoids the simple-minded assertion of some libertarians that Black must have been senile in the late

1960s because he stopped agreeing with them all the time.

Still, the book's topic is ambitious enough that one would like to have seen greater reflection on the larger issues involved in constitutional interpretation and the judicial revolution. The limits of Professor Dunne's horizons (which are, to be fair, the horizons of most contemporary legal commentators) are indicated by nothing better than his epilogue, in which he tries to connect Black's personal vision with that of a superficial work already passing into oblivion: *The Greening of America*, by Charles Reich, a former law clerk for Black. It is a pity that Black's biographer must tie him to a writer whose chief literary sources are Marx and Marcuse. It is a tribute to Black that the biographer can at least note Black's refusal to be so linked: Unlike Reich, the Justice did not reject the American dream and held to his "constitutional faith." □

BOOK REVIEW

The CIA's Secret Operations

Harry Rositzke / Reader's Digest Press / \$12.50

Daniel O. Graham

One of the most fascinating aspects of Harry Rositzke's book on U.S. intelligence is the dust jacket. Picking up *The CIA's Secret Operations* with an introduction by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., is akin to picking up a book entitled *The Case for Abortion on Demand* by Gloria Steinem with an introduction by Bishop Fulton Sheen. That odd combination of an old CIA hand and a prominent CIA-hater underscores the exquisite misery of many an ex-CIA man writing about his profession. Excluding the crass commercialist Victor Marchetti and the treacherous Phillip Agee, most ex-CIA-men-turned-author find themselves painfully torn between their desire to defend the Agency's functions and past actions and their long-standing craving to remain part of the Liberal Establishment. A perceptive reader can sense the unwritten lament on page after page: If only the CIA had been assaulted from the Right instead of the Left—and if only our defenders were liberals instead of conservatives!

Harry Rositzke's book is the clearest example of this clash between profession

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and ideology to emerge to date. The struggle between Rositzke the pragmatic intelligence operator and Rositzke the supplicant for liberal approval has produced a book that resembles a sandwich: The materials on the top and bottom are strikingly different from those in the middle. The first part of the book describes the origins of the CIA in what the author characterizes as a time of hysteria and paranoid fear of Russia, conditions which supposedly grew out of Washington's conviction in 1948 that "war with the Soviets was imminent." Rositzke goes on to argue that because of this military-crisis type of atmosphere, the CIA in its early days was saddled with an inordinate need to respond to the armed services. The claim that the military establishment exerted unsophisticated (if not sinister) pressure on the CIA, warping the structure and functioning of the Agency, crops up throughout the book. This thesis may help Rositzke protect his liberal credentials, but it is questionable history.

The notion that the administration in Washington believed war with the USSR to be imminent in the spring of 1948 is hard to swallow. True, the Czechoslovakian coup had pretty well destroyed any lingering hopes of a continued U.S. foreign policy based on World War II cooperation with Moscow. But a war scare? If there was such a scare, the U.S. behaved very strangely indeed, since it continued its postwar military demobilization right up to

the outbreak of the Korean War. As a young officer in Germany in March 1948, I was busily preparing a unit to be redeployed (along with about one-third of the only U.S. division in Europe) to Palestine, away from the Red Army. If there was a war scare, we didn't feel it in the Army.

Early in the book the author betrays his plea for the approval of the Arthur Schlesingers of America by his use of the pejorative quotation mark. "Communist threat," "red menace," "communistic system," "denied area," etc. appear with those familiar quotation marks which suggest the terms lack substance. By contrast, in the last chapter of the book Mr. Rositzke refers to the American imperialists, U.S. imperialism, socialist Cuba, and our threatening ring of military bases without a sign of this doubt-inducing punctuation.

In the second half of the book, the author launches his view of overall U.S. foreign policy. It seems to come out like this:

1. The United States' containment policy toward the USSR has been a failure, and must be scrapped in favor of a more aggressive strategy; that is, support of Left revolutionary movements, the "tide of history."
2. The Soviet Union is on the march, inexorably replacing its principal adversary, the U.S., on the world scene.
3. Socialism is on the march; capitalism is doomed. The misunderstood forces of the world include socialist Cuba and the Italian Communist Party; the wicked entities are South Korea, Chile, Brazil, the Republican right, and the Pentagon.

Rositzke sees as our best hope in this dismal world a retrenchment to a U.S.-Europe-Japan axis, an alliance of post-industrial nations staking claim to a sharply restricted area of world interest and surrendering the rest. While he decries American "isolationism," he proposes it for advanced Western societies as a whole. His Free World would disdain the military aspect of preserving itself against absorption by the Soviets, and rely on "economic and political" power.

The author retains a place for U.S. intelligence in this strange new world. Naturally enough, given the restricted range of U.S. interests and the diminished capability to act upon them, much less intelligence is needed. We can therefore slash all intelligence budgets, and perhaps do away with *military* intelligence agencies altogether. But there is one aspect of the U.S.-Soviet struggle that will *not* disappear—the CIA versus the KGB. Rositzke says, "One simple confrontation will remain unchanged: CIA's counterespionage effort against the persistent Soviet intelligence effort." Thus, Rositzke would retain a smaller but *really* secret and independent clandestine service of the CIA. One wonders how the author can condemn those who have characterized the Soviet Union as a whole as an aggressive, menacing power and at the same time insist that its intelligence arm *alone* demands perpetual vigilance. One suspects professional myopia.

Thus the beginning and the end of this book are an appeal to the Left to retain the author's membership in good standing despite his defense of the CIA. The best part of the book is the middle. Here, on solid professional ground, Rositzke lays to rest a lot of romantic mythology about secret operations. Further, he makes a very strong case both for the reasonableness of past CIA operations and the necessity for a national capability to pursue similar action in the future. Rositzke, in these middle chapters, is not the apologetic Rositzke of the first and last chapters. He pulls no punches in his critique of the Congressional investigations of intelligence ("The Year of Intelligence," as he aptly dubs the period). His pungent epitaph for that destructive assault on the CIA is "expensive theater." I couldn't agree more.

Rositzke's description of the enormous difficulties that U.S. intelligence agencies face in securing vital information, compared to the ease with which the Soviet KGB pursues its ends, should give pause to any sensible American. William Colby used to say that it cost the United States hundreds of millions of dollars to acquire information on Soviet advanced weapons systems that Moscow could learn about U.S. systems merely by subscribing, for under ten dollars, to *Aviation Week*. This, of course, is the price we should happily pay to live in a free society. But it also

represents the gross disadvantages facing U.S. intelligence people, disadvantages that should not be compounded by rash attacks on the CIA.

Though the author's middle chapters constitute a valuable insight into intelligence realities, they are flawed by concentration on the Washington scene. Rositzke states: "Yet the only function of intelligence is to help policy makers in State and Defense make correct decisions...." Not so. Intelligence is a fundamental requirement at all levels of the military establishment. Without good intelligence available to Navy skippers at sea and Army battalion commanders and Air Force pilots, the best armed and best trained forces in the world can prove useless. This blind spot about intelligence is endemic to much of the CIA. It prevents the CIA as a whole from realizing that, despite Agency ambitions, intelligence can never be truly "centralized." Further, it makes the concept of an intelligence "czar" with line authority over all intelligence agencies a dangerous even if feasible notion.

There is great value in the middle of *The CIA's Secret Operations*. I recommend that readers tear out the first and last chapters and learn from the rest of the book. The discarded sections seem to me to be too high a price for Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s introduction (which is also worth discarding). □

EDITORIAL (continued from page 4)

not only does he have excellent taste in words but he maintains an ample stock of oratorical recipes, masterpieces of the political cuisine. One of his most favored is to demand increased expenditures for this or that high-minded swindle while insisting that these expenditures will actually amount to a stupendous savings for the sorely-pressed taxpayer. Exhortations for ever more bureaucracy are often supported by the argument that such expansion will mean greater governmental efficiency, less political chicanery, more responsiveness, and greater personal liberty. Though Mondale is one of the most earnest advocates of collectivism, during election years he gets to be somewhat of a bore about the virtues of free enterprise and less governmental penetration of the private sector. Mondale may be the Treasury's most feared spendthrift, but when the rhetorical fevers are on him he is a genuine fuss-budget about balanced budgets and tax relief. All this evasion and contradiction works marvels in Minnesota where as many as 50 percent of the voters perceive him as a conservative, a perception that has never been disputed by the "problem-oriented, pragmatic liberal."

Not surprisingly, he used these oratorical gifts to their fullest when he joined Mr.

Carter on the National Salvation ticket in 1976. An exchange with a *Newsweek* interviewer in July of that great year is illuminating. Asked where he, a renowned busing advocate, sent his children to school, he proclaimed most proudly: "I'm one of the few senators whose children have gone to public schools." Having released that anesthetizing puff, he added a minor qualification: The Mondales no longer attend public schools. No, he freed them from public schools earlier—how much earlier remains a mystery—for he and Joan had judged that "those schools were just not delivering what we thought was a minimum decent education for our children. The issue was the quality of education." This is the kind of elevated judgment permissible only to men whose largeness of spirit has already been proven by a life predicated on decency and integrity; when others attempt such judgments, suspicions are aroused. Later, when asked if there be "an element of hypocrisy in advocating busing while at the same time putting your own children in private schools," it took a tub of vaseline but the Great Solemnizer slipped through. "First of all I am not an advocate of busing," said the man who from September 17 to September 25, 1975, voted 17 times with the Senate's pro-busing forces. "What I advocate is the elimination of discrimination when the courts find it." A

statesmanlike testimonial, and a vivid example of modern political discourse.

On January 4, 1973, the Great Solemnizer introduced into the United States Senate an entire bill written in this deceptive argot. Called "The Full Opportunity and National Goals and Priorities Act," it adumbrated the most colossal statist undertaking ever introduced in the Senate. It also splendidly displayed the pol's contempt for intelligence and for the consequences of ideas. It represented the essence of the Mondale mentality.

Title I would establish a Council of Social Advisors and a national "social report," while adopting "full opportunity as a national goal." Title II would create a new congressional staff office of goals and priorities analysis, a prodigious instrument that would "equip Congress with the kind of manpower, data, and technology" to decide national social needs and clamp them down on us. The idea is as old as scientology. It grows from the social indicators movement associated with people like Alice Rivlin, Mancur Olson, and the late Raymond Bauer, a movement that in the past had many advocates amongst those of a technocratic inclination. Accordingly, social scientists—Mondale's Council of Social Advisors—are supposed to measure social health more or less in the way that economists (the

England: Tyrrell takes on a future that doesn't work

Whatever Became of England?

Politicians find it easy to say "yes" to government programs designed to do good. Saying "yes" is particularly easy when the costs of these programs are unknown, and the apparent benefits immediate.

For over thirty years politicians in Britain have been devising well-intentioned social programs, oblivious to their costs. The result: a nation that once boasted an Empire where the sun never set is today on the brink of collapse. The private sector is strangled, as the cost of government totals 60 percent of the Gross National Product. England faces high unemployment, crippling inflation, and aggravated social discontents. Its growth rate is one of the lowest in the West. Taxes are up and the quality of life is down.

What Will Become of Us?

Even as the consequences of the British welfare state become frighteningly clear, American politicians are proposing the same kinds of programs that have failed in a nation whose language, culture, and political traditions are remarkably like our own.

Before America pushes ahead with its own version of social democracy, isn't it appropriate to determine just what has happened in Britain? What mistakes have been made? How has social democracy contributed to British downfall? What lessons can America learn from the British experience?

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. has pursued these and related questions for two years, and his findings are now available in his first book. *The Future That Doesn't Work: Social Democracy's Failures in Britain* is a provocative collection of essays written by some of the finest students of British socialism on either side of the Atlantic.

Advance Comments

"The United States has long been following the same welfare state path as Britain—though, fortunately, more slowly. We shall come to the same sorry end unless we learn from Britain's experience. This book is an excellent contribution to such a learning process."

—Milton Friedman

"It will undoubtedly arouse controversy over the role of socialist thinking and social policy in Britain's economic decline, and the relevance of socialism to any modern society."

—Nathan Glazer

"The decline and fall of my unfortunate country is—or should be—a matter of deep importance to the whole Western world. Hence, the special importance of *The Future That Doesn't Work*...I strongly recommend the Tyrrell Team's findings. They are all expert and lively writers—reluctant pallbearers who hope it may still be possible to avert an interment, or, failing that, to promote a resurrection."

—Malcolm Muggeridge

"I wish this could be read by every intellectual and policy-maker in America."

—Robert Nisbet

"If we don't learn from experience, we are doomed. If we don't use brains to discipline idealism, we are lost. If we confuse virtuous intentions with desired consequences, we are fools. *The Future That Doesn't Work* is a tonic for our times—bitter medicine, but crucial and indisputable."

—Leo Rosten

American Contributors

IRVING KRISTOL, co-editor of *The Public Interest*, on the intellectual death of socialism.

LESLIE LENKOWSKY, one of America's leading authorities on welfare, on the welfare state—does it contribute to Britain's low productivity?

HARRY SCHWARTZ, a member of the editorial board of the *New York Times*, on the suffering National Health Service.

JAMES Q. WILSON, professor of government at Harvard, on how once-peaceful Britain copes with its rising crime rate.

British Contributors

SAMUEL BRITTAN, economic commentator for the *Financial Times*, and PETER JAY, Britain's newly-nominated ambassador to the United States, give two perspectives of the economic contradictions of social democracy.

PATRICK COSGRAVE, a contributor to *The Spectator* and the London *Daily Telegraph*, on the postwar failures of the Conservative Party.

COLIN WELCH, deputy editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, on the slipshod house that Fabian intellectuals built.

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE, associate editor of the London *Sunday Telegraph*, on the lockgrip power of British trade unions.



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President's Council of Economic Advisors) measure national income.

There are only three major problems here: No theory exists for such a social accounting; there is no consensus on what quantities one would measure in making such a social accounting; and, assuming one could take a social accounting, its helpfulness would be problematic. For instance, in attempting to measure a society's physical health what do we include? Do we measure longevity, life expectancy at birth, death rates by causes, hospital admissions, infant mortality rates, days of disability? With regard to disability, do we measure short-term or long-term disability? What of partial disability? What of psychological disability? What is psychological disability? Are there not other conditions we might measure with respect to health, and will these conditions remain static?

The believer in the national indicators hokum claims that one can make an index of all these things, giving each its proper weight in the general measurement. But, of course, this weighing would be purely arbitrary, so what would the index mean? Everything would be weighted according to caprice. There is no reasonable basis for deciding the weight of infant mortality against, say, days of disability on the part of adults. Conceptually, it is preposterous to think one can come up with a number that represents in a significant or interesting way such a complicated and disparate set of conditions. Nevertheless, the notion of settling on one number to show "American Health" is powerfully alluring to social tinkerers. It would serve as a national thermometer for American health, and the Council of Social Advisors could magisterially announce that health is up a point or down a point, and that something vast and urgent must be done; but what?

Assuming this social measurement were possible, one would have to prove its rele-

vance to the electorate, and then a legislative remedy would have to be fashioned, passed, and enforced. What will we do if some citizens refuse to comply? Is it unreasonable to expect that large numbers of Americans would ignore a nutritional law limiting personal sugar consumption or barring alcohol? Today there exists broad agreement on the hazard of cigarettes. Yet Congress has not banned them. In fact it subsidizes tobacco growers. Admittedly, the day might come sometime off in the authoritarian dawn when our government outlaws tobacco; but are we, a society that is about to decriminalize marijuana, really going to make cigarette smoking illegal? Assuming a nation's physical health could be measured, imagine the enormous amount of legislation, regulation, and police activity demanded to enforce a broad national health standard. And health is only one social condition Mondale would measure. His Council of Social Advisors would simultaneously be composing social index numbers for crime, child rearing, mobility, aging, work satisfaction, juvenescing, cheerfulness, the quality of life amongst the giant redwoods, and so on into eternity.

The Full Opportunity and National Goals and Priorities Act would leave us with a bureaucracy empowered to keep society in an incessant pother and to snoop into every area of a citizen's life. Every "social report" published by the Council of Social Advisors would trumpet some new and overwhelming crisis. At a minimum, Mondale would have established a bureaucracy to thump for his brand of statist policies whether he and his kind were in or out of office. In sheer technocratic hubris this abominable bill is the domestic equivalent of our magnificently managed Vietnam war, a war Mondale supported until 1969.

All this weighs heavily against him, yet when all is said and undone I really have to

salute him. The kind of government he has hollered for during all these years would present us with an infinitely more entertaining spectacle than anything President Carter will ever heave up. It could even outdo the political science of Field Marshal Idi Amin Dada, or His Excellency Emperor Bokassa I of the progressive Central African Empire.

Mondale is the child of that brand of liberalism that in its moral imperialism disrupts every human relationship and unhinges every human value. It envisions a dizzy polity in which no one would have any solid expectation regarding such mundane matters as his education, his home, his work, his marriage. At any moment, Mondalian liberalism could send large sections of the population off in some high-minded pursuit of justice or improved health or better social adjustment. Once, Mondale was a burning anti-Communist; today he is an anti-anti-Communist. Once, he opposed racial prejudice; today he favors the government-sanctioned racial prejudice of quotas. Yesterday he thought education should bring all Americans up to a certain level of sophistication; today he feels education should descend to the yahoo's level.

Forever demanding more power in the federal government, he apparently fails to notice that we now have a government with more brute power than ever before. Yet it is a hopeless flummox: a ganglion of power that is in some instances without efficacy; in other instances without purpose, perception, or the ability to discriminate. The Age of Mondale would be a superb show of dizziness and bathos. Taxes would shoot up but so would the number and diversity of amusements in the Great Republic. I favor his rise to the presidency even more intensely than I once favored the presidency of Senator Gravel, the Alaskan Harding. American needs a laugh. Give us Mondale. □

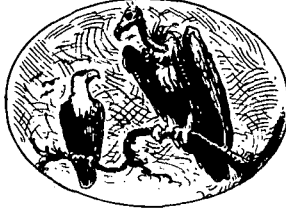
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THE NATION'S PULSE

by
Peter J. Rusthoven



Bert Lance and the Fourth Estate

Were it not for the untimely (and, to this writer, tragic) death of Elvis Aron Presley, Bert Lance might have had the headlines pretty much to himself throughout most of August. Which is not to say that the President's Director of the Office of Management and Budget was greatly disturbed at being out of the spotlight for a day or two. Mr. Lance has been, in the stylized language of the professional journalist, "under fire" of late due to a "series of disturbing revelations" about "questionable activities" that occurred while he was running his bank down in northern Georgia during friend Carter's pre-White House days. These activities include permitting overdrafts of up to \$400,000 by members of Lance's family, and by his gubernatorial campaign committee; alleged reciprocal arrangements of dubious ethics and legality between Lance's bank and larger financial institutions which made personal loans of sizable sums to Lance; possibly false testimony by Lance before Congress as to whether and to what degree security had been required for those loans; and a variety of other peccadilloes, including "personal" use of the bank's aircraft, all of which make very good front-page copy.

The most recent upshot of the Lance affair has been a lengthy investigation by John G. Heimann, Comptroller of the Currency, whose equally lengthy report was released at the end of August. Boiled down to its essence, Mr. Heimann's document concludes that the Lance affair yields no grounds for criminal prosecutions, though it has raised "unresolved questions as to what constitutes acceptable banking practice." For Mr. Carter and his beleaguered assistant, such was vindication enough. The President, who had earlier stated that he would not interfere and that he was confident Lance would resign on his own if the need arose, announced

that the investigation had reconfirmed his "faith in the character and competence" of his Budget Director. Lance opined that his "ability to carry out [his] job has not been damaged." White House Press Secretary Jody Powell remarked that it had been a "good test case" of how the system should operate. Others, including Senators Ribicoff (D., Conn.) and Percy (R., Ill.), were not so sure that the matter ought to be put to rest just yet, indicating that further hearings may be forthcoming this fall. More importantly, our journalist friends were not certain that they were satisfied, either. As Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times* remarked, Heimann's report, "[r]ather than disposing of the vexing dispute...has thrown the issue of the affable Georgian's fitness for office back to the political arena—to the public, the press and Congress."

The dither over Mr. Lance and his banking practices calls a number of thoughts to mind. To those still smarting as a result of Watergate, there is an understandable but uncharitable impulse to gaze delightedly at the spectacle of a member of Mr. Carter's retinue—a group promised to be of unparalleled virtue—squirming under the pressure of accusations of impropriety. More seriously, one hopes that the disclosures about Lance—which reveal if nothing else a certain cavalier attitude toward the finer points of financial ethics—will help dispell any lingering notion that shady dealings of some sort are the exclusive province of the minority political party and its supposed "big business" sponsors.

The Lance affair also illustrates, albeit indirectly, that the media continues to apply a double standard in handling stories that fit into its "governmental corruption" category. To be sure, Mr. Lance is under attack, and there are indications that the press is not yet inclined to let the matter lie. But consider: Only about a year ago, Howard Calloway, also a Georgian and then campaign manager for President Ford, was hounded into resignation for

little more than making inquiries of another government official about a project in which Mr. Calloway had an interest while he was Secretary of the Army. Goaded on by the press, and by the prospect of earning a little political capital in an election year, full-scale hearings were launched by a Democrat-controlled Congress. When nothing more surfaced, the committee stated that there had nonetheless been "at least the appearance of the possibility of impropriety," or words of like vacuity, and Mr. Calloway was gone. Mr. Lance's assorted shenanigans, whatever they may finally prove to be, are clearly far worse than anything Mr. Calloway was ever accused of. Lance, however, stands a betting man's chance of weathering his present storm, while Calloway has long since drifted into obscurity.

What is more important than any double standard, however, and what is finally the most suggestive feature of the Lance story, is that its ultimate disposition will in fact rest with the press more than with any other group or individual. While Mr. Carter has the power to fire Lance if he wishes, should he determine that Lance is in fact suitable, it will not be decisive. Should Congress conclude that Lance's actions do not warrant dismissal, its findings will not dictate the outcome. Should, however, the networks, the wire services, the newsmagazines, and the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* decide that Lance does not pass muster under the dictates of the so-called "post-Watergate morality," Mr. Lance had best pack his bags for Atlanta.

It is one of the more curious outcomes of the entire series of events leading up to President Nixon's resignation, in which public cynicism about all branches of government, public officials, and assorted individuals and groups in the private sector rose to new heights, that the media emerged unsullied, its reputation if anything enhanced. Bernstein and Woodward became symbols of relentless cour-

Peter J. Rusthoven is an Indianapolis attorney.

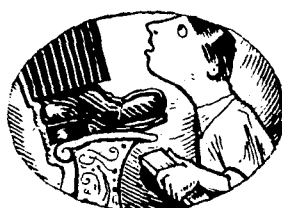
age, fitting subjects for books and movies; Dan Rather found himself an author worthy of selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club; and in general, the entire profession found itself lauded (primarily by itself) as the one group that could be counted on faithfully and vigorously to pursue the public interest. To be sure, this image is hardly a new feature of journalistic self-perception. But it has been repeated so often in the last few years, against a background of press-encouraged distrust of everyone else, that it is probably more accepted by the populace today than at any time in the past century. No intelligent reader needs reminding, of course, that the press is itself one of the primary users and abusers of power in this nation. Our Constitution provides checks and

balances of varying strength and effectiveness for the executive, legislative, and judicial branches, but grants only added protection to members of the fourth estate. The auto-makers appear powerful enough in their sphere, but are puny indeed compared to that three-member oligopoly which determines which stories, and what slant on those stories, will be presented to the 80 percent or so of adult Americans who get almost all their news from television. Yet while we are often warned of the pernicious influence of the makers of Fords and Chevys, one voice public doubts about a Walter Cronkite at one's peril.

As Bert Lance's immediate future is being decided, we should keep in mind that the group in Washington which will exercise the most influence upon that deci-

sion consists of individuals who have neither been elected nor appointed to any public office. However that group decides, it need fear few if any public reprisals. Indeed, at their joint press conference, both Carter and Lance bent over backwards to avoid giving even the impression of irritation with the media, the President noting that "intense scrutiny is a legitimate part of public life and public service." In the present atmosphere, he could hardly have said otherwise. So when Hedrick Smith says that the issue is now up "to the public, the press and Congress," you need have little doubt as to who will play the leading role. Your doubts about how legitimate or appropriate this state of affairs is in a constitutional republic are, however, encouraged. □

THE BOOTBLACK STAND



Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has accepted a staff position with the House Ethics Committee, but he has graciously consented to continue advising American statesmen in these times of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o The Alternative.

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

All I can say is egad! This neutron bomb is the most diabolical Frankenstein produced by American science since the aerosol can. What kind of government do we have that would go to war intent only on killing other human beings, yet allowing to remain unharmed thousands of unsightly buildings, hundreds of thousands of hideous monuments, highways, even urban ghettos?

If we had neutron bombs when I flew bombers in World War II, I doubt I would have participated. To kill people and not destroy every vestige of their civilization takes all the public purpose out of warfare. When I flew we could unload our bombs on large industrial concentrations and fly off well-contented that we had blasted them into the Stone Age yet not harmed a hair on another living creature. The neutron bomb changes all this and turns the purpose of war on its head. The only justification for warfare is to further the ends of good government. In days gone by we bombed hell out of Europe and rebuilt it along modern, rational lines. The neutron bomb leaves nothing for us to do except bury the

dead. No Marshall Plan. No Point Four. Nothing idealistic and selfless. If this be progress give me Hiroshima!

Much disturbed,

Senator George S. McGovern

Dear Senator George:

Ah, it is all too dispiriting. The neutron bomb shows us the military-industrial-complex at its most devious. Neutron bombs are the m-i-c's way of spreading its influence into virginal provinces, an attempt to buy off the National Society for Historic Preservation, the National Park Service, and so forth. My fear is that they will succeed.

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

The phenomenon of some 70 percent of America's drivers blithely disregarding the 55 mph speed limit presents our society with yet another serious challenge. Speeding has become part of the national character. It is an American pastime and an American right. Yet the cost of speeding cuts disproportionately into the incomes of the poor, amounting to a cruelly regressive tax. If America is to make good

on its promise to give all its citizens a fair shake, it is essential that we initiate an innovative system of cash subsidies to benefit poor speeders so that they pay no greater portion of their incomes for speeding violations than the rich. Such a system would be relatively inexpensive and—unlike other subsidy programs—short-lived. When mass transportation replaces the auto these subsidies will be unnecessary. May I count on your support?

Sincerely,

Walter (Fritz) Mondale

Dear Mr. Mondale:

Admittedly, it is inequitable for poor speeders to be fined a higher percentage of their income than rich speeders. But your proposal misses the point. Our wise legislators have adopted the 55 mph speed limit to save gas, it being their insight that an automobile consumes more gas above 55 mph. If you really want to help the poor speeder, I suggest you call for subsidizing poor speeders for the extra gas they must consume in exercising their God-given right to travel over 55 mph. To do less would be to flummox our mission as a nation!

—GWP

LI Magazine

Miss Kate Millett, epistemologist, caught in an unusually pensive moment by an intellectual interviewer from *Newsday's* Sunday supplement:

Q: *Do you have any trouble, though, feeling solidarity with male homosexuals in view of some very visible, or at least much talked about, macho elements in their culture, like some of the bars here in New York where customers participate in public sex?*

MILLETT: Hmm. Well, I don't think I can endorse that. [Laughs.] But I don't think that's really the issue. It seems to me that when we went through this transition—you see, we did something kind of interesting—we made all the right political statements then everybody went home and had their nervous breakdowns. Because while it was tremendously difficult to say to major media, I am a lesbian, I am a homosexual, against all the taboos of your life, your parents, your family, your town, your friends, your jobs—if you didn't do that, it would go on forever. So you did that [acknowledged homosexuality] because it seemed the right and decent and moral thing to do... But I, and everybody else involved in this, went through a very long personal, psychological, emotional and gut struggle about it. The conditioning you've been put through—whether you're a heterosexual or a homosexual—to fear, despise, revile, be terrified of, is enormous.

[May 8, 1977]

The Washington Post

A learned discourse in political economy hauled from the correspondence section of the non-partisan *Post* of Washington, D.C.:

Regarding George F. Will, "Wait Until Dark?" [op-ed, July 21]:

Correction: "The attempt to legitimize looting..." did not begin "...with the 1965 riot in Watts..." It began with the 1776 publication by Adam Smith of "An Inquiry Into The Nature and Causes of The Wealth of Nations."

DARYL J. HUDSON
Washington

[July 27, 1977]

The New York Review of Books

Dr. Garry Wills unveils for his customers still more diabolical observations:

...the real economic miracle took place in Russia—a huge country incompletely industrialized even before the war, with its urban centers ravaged by the war, in which some 20 million people died. In less time than it took America to settle the West, but by similar methods of state capitalism, Russia became a superpower. Its concentration on a war economy repeated the devices by which America finally licked the Depression in the 1940s—and left us with two state-capitalist systems, expansive, backed by military power, each assuming its own righteousness and the other's evil... The efficient rapacity of our (America's) raider-rulers has made consumption expand at a dizzying rate, equaled only by the rate at which resources diminish—air, earth, fuel, and water.

[May 12, 1977]

The Great Books Series

For the Land of the Free, a grandiose vaticination from Mr. Godfrey Hodgson, long-time advocate of the political practices of Louis XIV and Catherine the Great:

To adjust to a future of limited, though magnificent, resources will demand a historic shift in American values. Yet the prize will be worth it. There will have to be less emphasis on equality of opportunity and more on equality of condition. The traditional goals of absolute freedom and maximum economic abundance will have to be modified in the more intricate equilibrium of a society that accepts the limits of human possibility and strives for the greatest measure of justice and equality.

America in Our Time
by Godfrey Hodgson
[Doubleday]

The Progressive

Another feat of high intellection performed in the renowned pages of *The Progressive*:

In its recent decision permitting teachers to inflict even brutal bodily punishment on students, the Supreme Court tacitly admitted what beaten children have always known—schools are often battlegrounds in which society allows only one side to be armed.

[June 1977]

The Chicago Sun-Times

Zoological findings full of dire import for New Age *Homo sapiens*:

Career women in modern Britain—under the added stress of looking after husbands and children—are growing hairy chests and hairy stomachs. They sometimes become lustful as well, just like the tired businessman of contemporary myth.

These findings are attributed to Ivor Mills, professor of medicine at Cambridge University and a respectable endocrinologist of 56 with 22 lines in "Who's Who."

[July 24, 1977]

The New York Times Magazine

Cultural criticism from the learned Mr. Tony Hiss and Mr. Jeff Lewis, two of the most sedulous cases of arrested adolescence ever cosseted by the Manhattan litterateurs:

We were all kids of the air-raid-shelter generation, the first primary-school group taught to hide under school desks and cover our faces in order to ward off atom bombs and hydrogen bombs. We sensed that this made us somehow different from kids in previous generations, but no one ever told us anything that indicated that things were any different from what they had been.

And then came Mad. Month after month and issue after issue, in a relentlessly good-natured way, Mad told us that everything was askew—that there were lies in advertising, that other comic books lied, that television and movies lied, and that adults, in general, when faced with the unknown, lied.

A lot of us found this information, which confirmed many of our own observations, useful and stimulating in terms of further development.

[July 31, 1977]

Commonweal

Nearly half a decade after the heinous Watergate atrocity a Christian cultural journal's Washington correspondent turns from his prayer chamber to tap out this memorable sequence of passages:

You expected The Monster to act like The Monster and he did, right on schedule and in prime time. What you didn't expect was for The Pardoner to surface here the next day and yet once more defend The Pardon, explaining that The Monster's television appearances have proved once more how right he, The Pardoner, was to hand over The Pardon, payable in thirty days, to the man who gave him his job.

Ford's explanation this time for turning loose the master criminal while the subordinate members of the gang were jailed had a special quality of absurdity. In the realm of the intellect, if that phrase applies anywhere in the whole rotten business, Ford is now imitating Chevy Chase imitating Ford.... militaristic rigor and vigor on the one hand, sentimental claptrap on the other. Where have we seen that combination before in an embattled, self-pitying national leader? Hitler comes to mind.

Hitler comes to mind, too, of course, in the very heart of the third-Frost-Nixon freak show.... In the old days, people like Nixon and Agnew took what was called "the honorable way out" by shooting themselves. Nowadays crooks lack honor and have to be held for downs. That is the overwhelming lesson of the Nixon show.

[June 10, 1977]

The New York Times Magazine

The Rt. Hon. Jerry Brown at the height of his powers:

Politicians articulate the obvious, just before it becomes obvious.

[July 17, 1977]

The Progressive

The state of hysteria at one of American journalism's most respected asylums:

Recently I have had revived—via television—some of the rage I used to feel in the 1960s when the evening television news brought pictures of bombed villages and burned people—a rage I thought the muddling 1970s had almost smothered. One source of this nostalgic rage has been the powerful television dramatization of *Roots*, Alex Haley's novel portraying his own slave background. The other source, less widely noted, has been the *Lowell Thomas Remembers* series recapitulating the early years of the Vietnam war. The young Vietnamese who lay on the ground being kicked and stomped in the groin by ARVN soldiers (paid by our taxes and recorded by our cameramen); the young African lying in the dark hold of the slave ship seething in his fury and his own vomit; the terrified black woman brought to the masters as a "belly-warmer"—these images restored my wrath....

I rage at the monstrous cupidity, the stupid cruelty of those white men who enslaved black men and women 200 years ago—and at the blind, banal cruelty and greed of those white men's descendants today.

[June 1977]

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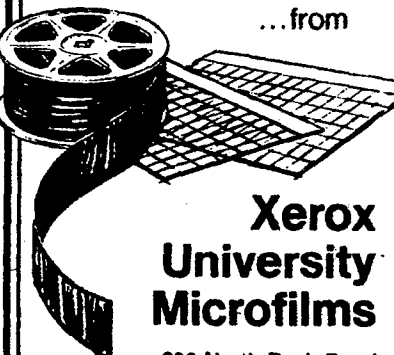
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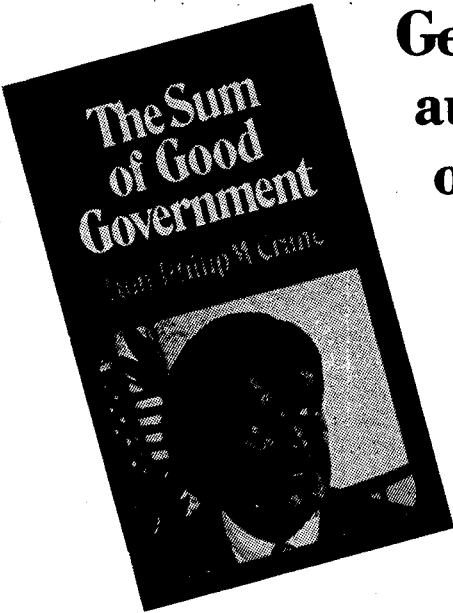
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